

Liturgies. Lesser Reformed Books.
Moravians. [Eng] A.



COLLECTION

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H Y M N S:

Consisting chiefly of Translations from the

GERMAN HYMN-BOOK

OF THE

Moravian Brethren.

P A R T III.

1819



L O N D O N,

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M D C C X L V I I I.

COPIES

COLLEGE

OF

THE UNIVERSITY

OF OXFORD

CHURCH

OF

THE

PART

OF

LONDON

Printed for J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard, 1782.

P R E F A C E.

IN this Part (especially) of our Hymn-book, a good deal of Liberty has been taken, in dispensing with what otherwise is customary and ornamental; and that for different Reasons.

1. The Hymns are printed like Prose: The Reason of this, as it will save Room, was, to prevent an unportable Bulk of the Hymn-book. However, to facilitate the finding of the Metre, not only the Tune is prefix'd, but the several Lines are distinguished by a capital Letter.

2. As the English Tongue has scarce any Diminutives, and yet they have a certain Elegance and Effect both in Language in general, and in the German particularly, as implying not so much the Littleness, as the Dearness, &c. of a Thing: Therefore we have ventured in some Instances to introduce the German Termination *-lein*. That our Translation, as well as the Original, has Words now and then from the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, needs no Apology, since as it is obvious, that the Conciseness and Neatness of the Expression was the Inducement thereto, so they are at the same Time explain'd underneath.

3. Out of Tenderness for the main Point, the expressing more faithfully the Doctrine of the Congregation;

P R E F A C E.

gregation; we have frequently throughout (particularly in the Augsbuurg-Confession) admitted of more antique, prosaic, and less polish'd Diction, less flowing Cadence, &c. rather than seek better at the Expence of the Sense.

So much seem'd proper to mention, to exempt this Book (which, tho' calculated for our own Congregation, will no doubt come into the Hands of Strangers) from the Imputation of a needless Singularity. Now we only wish, that every Reader may also feel something of that solid and happy Bottom, from whence these free, familiar, and perhaps abrupt Aspirations, both in the composing and using of them, do sparkle forth: And so we commit this Third Part of our Hymn-Book to the Providence and Blessing of that dear Redeemer, who with his ever-blessed Atonement, is every where the Subject thereof,

E R R A T A.

PAG. 1. Line 3. read, *The Augsbuurg (or Augustan) Confession paraphrased.* P. 33. second Col. Line 24, read, *That ye.* P. 36. second Col. Line 26, add, *July 15, 1747.* P. 62. first Col. Line 32. *Chaos*, add, *without Form and void.* P. 80, first Col. Line 18, dele *Thy.*

A

Collection of Hymns.

H Y M N I.

Composed out of the *Augsburg Confession*.

From the German, N^o 2034.

Tune: *The Saviour's Blood and Righteousness.*

ARTICLE I.

I DO believe, that in
Heav'n's throne Dwells
One Divine Being alone;
Who's call'd (as He himself
explains) And truly is, GOD:
and remains

2 Of like Duration, of
Pow'r one, As God our Fa-
ther, God the Son, And
God the Holy Ghost like-
wise: This Three one Di-
vine Being is,

3 Which is eternal, with-
out Parts, Immense, al-
mighty Pow'r exerts, His
Wisdom ne'er can measur'd
be, Nor fathom'd his Be-
nignity.

4 Maker, Preserver of
as well Things unseen, as

the visible. By the Word
Person is express No Piece
divided from the rest;

5 Nor some mere Pro-
perty, which may Itself in
diff'rent kind display; The
Church by Person under-
stands, What by itself sub-
sisting stands.

PRAYER.

*O holy blessed Trinity! God
Father! warring under Thee;
God Holy Ghost! thou being
Guide; I with God Son go
Side by Side.*

A R T. II.

I DO believe, since *Adam's*
Fall, That Mankind are
by Nature all, Both Father,
Mother, and each Child,

B

Nothing

Nothing but Sin, throughout
defil'd.

2 They from the very
Womb are fraught With
Inclinations bad and naught;
Belief in God, on th' other
Side, And God's true Fear,
have in them dy'd.

3 We can't be other-
wise, 'tis sure, No Human
Heart's by Nature pure,
And Nature's Pravity within
Is really and truly Sin,

4 Condemned under God's
Wrath due; And so what's
not a Creature new, 'Thro'
Water and the Holy Ghost,
It must eternally be lost.

5 Nature is certainly not
good, And what from our
own Pow'rs hath flow'd,
Instead of Virtue, can but
be, Self-cheating, or Hy-
pocrisy.

6 Our own Strength, with
its best Acquist, is to the
Merit of Jesus Christ, And
the sore Pains he did sustain,
A venomous Reproach and
Stain.

PRAYER.

*My Soul's Salvation I com-
mit To the Lamb's Wounds,
and Sores and Sweat, Which
did the New Birth for me
gain, When that dear Heart
for me was slain.*

A R T. III.

I B'lieve, that God the
Lord the Son, Be-
came a Man, for Men un-
done, He was born of a
spotless Maid, To whom
Gabriel the News con-
vey'd.

2 And the two Natures,
I believe, His own, and
what He did receive, Since
join'd inseparably they are,
Are now one Person, one
Christ dear.

3 True Man is He, true
God the same, Born as an
Infant without Blame; He
suffer'd and was crucify'd,
Was dead, yea bury'd too
beside;

4 That He might be an
Off'ring clean, As well for
the Orig'nal Sin, As for
each actual Offence, And pa-
cify God's Wrath intense.

5 Also that the same Christ
did free Descend to Hell's
Obscurity, And the third
Day, we know it plain,
Rose truly from the Dead
again.

6 And thereupon to Hea-
ven He went, At God's
right Hand, the Govern-
ment Of all the whole Crea-
tion's State Ever to hold,
he took his Seat;

7 That all Believers ever-
more He thro' his Holy
Spirit's Pow'r Himself may
sanctify,

sanctify, renew, Strengthen
and cheer : 'This doth He
do.

8. That he may Life com-
municate To them, and
Gifts, and Blifs compleat ;
And againſt Sin's vain Inſo-
lence Shelter them by his
own Defence.

9 And that the ſame
Lord Chriſt ſo dear, Will
openly return once here, To
judge the Quick and Dead
that Day.

PRAYER.

*Be't ſo, Lord God! Amen
we ſay.*

ART. IV.

I DO believe, no Child
of Man, Either his Sin's
Remiſſion can, Or Righte-
ouſneſs before God get
Thro' his own Merit, Works,
or yet

2 Thro' Satisfaction he
can make ; But we for Je-
ſus Chriſt his ſake, The
Abſolution, and to paſs
'Fore God as righteous,
have by Grace,

3. Thro' Faith ; and tru-
ly ſuch a Faith, Which
clearly views Chriſt's Blood
and Death, And Pardon of
Offences done, And Righte-
ouſneſs finds there alone ;

4 Which ſo eternal Life
from Thee Accepts, O
God ! as given free : 'Tis

Faith, to which that Righte-
ouſneſs Thou wilt im-
pute, which can Thee
pleaſe.

5 To be ſav'd, for ſome
Skill doth call ; In the Word
gratis it lies all.

PRAYER.

*My dear Lord Jeſus ! have
Thanks juſt, To whom Re-
demption Pains did coſt.*

ART. V.

AND ſince not one of
human Kind, Could
of himſelf Faith's Way e'er
find, Therefore an Office is
ordain'd By God, of Preach-
ing to that End,

2 Which is what we the
Gospel call ; The Sacra-
ments are join'd withall :
Thro' which Means 'tis his
Will, we know, The Holy
Spirit to beſtow.

3 'Tis he works Faith ac-
cordingly In Men's Hearts
by the Miniſtry, And hear-
ing of the Gospel ſweet,
Where and when he himſelf
ſees meet.

4 That is the Gospel,
which makes known And
teaches, that the Cauſe a-
lone, Why God to us ſuch
Grace doth ſhew, Chriſt's
Merits is, not what we do ;

5 And that this too be-
liev'd ſhould be. Therefore
we can't with thoſe agree,

B 2

Who

Who without th' outward
Word, avow One's private
thought and Care will do.

PRAYER.

*Dear Holy Ghost! to Thee
are due Eternal Thanks and
Praise, that Thou Didst once
to speak with us accord,
What should we do, hadn't
we that Word!*

ART. VI.

I DO believe, whoe'er
hath Faith, Is mov'd
thereby to good Works Path
And to good Fruits, and wil-
ling stands For God's sake
to all God's Commands.

2 But in Well-doing must
be seen, That we don't trust
at all therein, As somewhat
which could merit Grace,
Or Pardon of our Trespas-
ses:

3 Since Righteousness,
and all we have, We for
the Saviour's sake receive,
And are but uselefs Servants
still, If we should all things
right fulfil.

4 The Fathers teach with
one Accord, *Ambrose* for in-
stance has this Word, That
'tis by God concluded on,
If thou believ'st on Christ
the Son,

5 That thou shalt then
Salvation Obtain, and this
thro' Faith alone, And with-
out thy Desert or Deed, Art

from all Sins absolv'd and
freed.

PRAYER.

*Most willingly, dear God
and Lord; Grace for this
light Command afford, To be
a good and happy Child;
Thoughts of Reward we'll
glad up yield.*

ART. VII.

I Believe too, throughout
all Days A holy Chri-
stendom there was, Th' Af-
sembly of Believers pure, A
Church, which is and shall
endure.

2 In this the Gospel is
preach'd true, And after the
Direction too Of the same
Gospel on this Head, The
Sacraments distributed.

3 For that can well suf-
ficient be In this Time for
true Unity Of the whole
Christian Church, that Men
Unanimous in this remain;

4 That they after its pu-
rest Aim And Sense, the
Gospel still proclaim, And
after the Word's true In-
tent Administer each Sacra-
ment.

5 Nor need it for true
Unity In Christendom in-
fisted be, That Ceremonies,
which Men frame, Should
in all Places be the same.

6 One Body, Sp'rit en-
joins Saint *Paul*, Likewise
one

one Hope of that high Call
Whereto ye're call'd, one
Lord, one Faith, And al-
so one Baptismal Bath.

PRAYER.

O all-assisting Lord most
dear! How goes thy faith-
ful Heart so far, As in the
Mode to condescend, If but
the Sheep howe'er are gain'd.

A R T. VIII.

ITEM, altho' by Chri-
stendom, This properly
in th' Mind doth come,
Th' Assembly gen'ral of
such Men, Who're truly
faithful, holy, clean:

2 Yet since in this Time,
as is clear, The Company
of th' Godly are From Hy-
pocrites, false Christians,
yea Such who sin openly,
not free;

3 Therefore the Sacra-
ments are yet Of Force and
Virtue as compleat, Whe-
ther the Priest, who them
applies, Be a good Man,
or otherwise.

4 Hence Christ to his Dis-
ciples says, More than one
Pharisee has Place, And sits
in Moses' Seat. So here
The *Donatist* doth greatly
err.

PRAYER.

Dear Lord! when I but
just look back, How little
Scrutiny Thou didst make In

thy Days, who in Office stood,
It cures my criticizing Mood.

A R T. IX.

OF Baptism our Belief
is this, It truly neces-
sary is, Since God there-
by to Sinners Race Has
thought fit to hold forth
his Grace.

2 And hence the little
Children we Baptize in Je-
su's Death most free; Them
to the Lord we thus present,
Who then a Child sees with
Content.

3 Therefore all those are
in the wrong, Who 'gainst
baptizing Infants young,
Such Doctrine utter, as if
this Were done unfitly, and
amiss.

PRAYER.

Ye blest Three Persons do
baptize, What the Lamb's
Person as his Prize With
his own Blood once purchased
bath; Ye dip the Babes in
Jesu's Death.

A R T. X.

OF the Lord's holy Sup-
per we Teach and be-
lieve most willingly, That
under Bread and Wine used
there, Jesu's true Body
and Blood are;

2 Are present in that Feast,
and that They're given and
receiv'd thereat; So that

we can't that Doctrine join,
Which says, 'tis only a mere
Sign.

PRAYER.

*May God be praised and
ador'd, Who would to us such
Grace afford, To eat and
drink his Flesh and Blood.
Evermore give it us, Lord
God!*

A R T. XI.

WE teach, Confession
hath its Place, And
in the Church its Fitness
has: And private Absolu-
tion so Remaineth still in
Practice due.

2 Continue and drop not
such use; But that a Man
his Head confuse, By striv-
ing to remember all His
Sins, no Law for this doth
call:

3 Especially since it tran-
scends Man's Skill, how of-
ten he offends To know,
as it in Words most clear
Doth in the nineteenth Psalm
appear.

PRAYER.

*Dear God! what Ease
unto a Child, Who for Grace
thirsteth, would it yield, Were
but a Window in his Breast;
Since he ne'er thinks enough
confest.*

A R T. XII.

Introduction.

(WHoever after Bap-
tism's Bath Again in
the Mire wallow'd hath,
Should as a Swine and Dog
indeed Without the Door
be thrust with speed,

2 As *Peter* paints it very
bad; Yet such a Dog, who
hath been made A Sheep
of Christ once thro' free
Grace, The Wolf it to de-
vour assays.

3 When now the Sheep
in great Alarm And Pain
at that so woful Harm And
Death, which 'fore its Eyes
it sees, Directly tow' rds the
Shepherd flees;

4 Then is He soon to
Pity driv'n, And to the Ser-
vants Charge is giv'n, That
none shall cast a frightened
Lamb Away, or it severely
damn.

5 For a Sheep for return-
ing back, Shall never a free
Passport lack,) A penitent
poor coming Child, Soon
gets his Sins Remission mild.

Text.

6 Know, that the so call-
ed Penitence Imphieth in its
proper Sense, That for his
Sin one wails and grieves,
And Terror and Distress
perceives;

7 And that one notwith-
standing this Believing on
the

the Gospel is, And on the Absolution free, That Sins already pardon'd be,

8 Since thro' our Saviour Christ indeed Already Grace is purchased; This Faith does therefore clear the Heart, And pacify it in its Smart.

9 Amendment then well forward goes; A Man breaks off from Sins, and shews, What *John* required, the Fruits due Which on *Metanæa* ensue.

10 Here we refute most fitly can, Those who affirm, a pious Man In all his Life no more can fall. (Saint *Peter* they to Mind don't call.)

11 Those also err, who teach, that they Who after Baptism lapse, ne'er may Or can get Absolution more. (Yet that *Corinthian* found a Door.)

12 They likewise err, who in such Sense Interpret this Word Penitence, As to urge Penance, Amends done, Not Faith at th' Absolution.

PRAYER.

Dear Mother-Heart, God Holy Ghost! Didst Thou not lend thy Aid, (Thou knowest) 'Gainst my indwelling Misery, I could secure no Moment be:

But that same Husband kind alone, Whose Cheeks with bloody Sweat ran down, Has earn'd both for my Heart a Guard, And Grace when I some where have err'd.

A R T. XIII.

C Concerning th' Use of Sacraments We teach, and all the Flock assents, That they're not Signs, just to declare We of the Christian Party are;

2 But that they're Signs of such a Sort, Which visibly to us import, How God is towards us inclin'd, Wherein we read his Heart and Mind.

3 Thereby is Faith and Confidence In us made stronger, more intense, And if Defect in this we spy, 'Tis then reviv'd again thereby.

4 They likewise Faith so presuppose, That one no Comfort from them knows, Nor right can use them all his Life, Unless he in them has Belief.

PRAYER.

Now to the Holy Ghost we pray For Faith, which doth itself display In th' using of each Sacrament, Since else they are no Nourishment.

ART. XIV.

SINCE God a God of Order is, Therefore there can no Doubt arise, But in Church-Government no less Than elsewhere, Order doth him please.

2 Not ev'ry one, it follows hence, Shall preach and Sacraments dispense, Ere to this Office he a Call Hath gotten from the Church withall.

PRAYER.

Lord of the Harvest! send forth Men, Who're in thy House and Vineyard seen So willing, that we can be free To consecrate them quite to Thee.

ART. XV.

Church - Constitutions good and fair Which made by Men's Contrivance are, And do the Conscience grieve no way, To such we justly Honour pay:

2 Ev'n tho' but Order's sought by these, And the whole Congregation's Peace, Sundays and Holidays decreed, And more belonging to this Head.

3 Yet this Proviso must be join'd, That Conscience threaten'd or confin'd Ne'er be, as if such Things indeed Were to Salvation of some Need.

4 If any of Traditions will And human Rules talk in such Stile, As if they to propitiate, Or God's Grace merit, were of Weight,

5 Of this Suggestion we must say, That to the Gospel's Light and Ray, And Faith in Jesus Christ, 'tis quite And most directly opposite.

PRAYER.

Dear Father! be thou praised now, That thou no more dost bind us so, As in the Jewish Temple's Days; But leav'st to Steward's-Freedom Place.

When now such wise and prudent are, For taking of thy Church due Care; O then a great Thing 'tis confess. Give Steward's Faithfulness at least.

ART. XVI.

OF Civil Government, and all The Sanctions of the Temporal Supreme and Under-Rulers, teach And think our People all and each:

2 That God all worldly Magistrates, Whose Office 'tis to govern States, Good Laws and Order to provide, Himself hath made and dignify'd.

3 So that a real Christian Man, A Prince or Judge or Ruler can Both be, and his Charge

Charge too fulfil, Nor therefore be condemn'd of Ill.

4 They also can, by the Rule good Of the in ev'ry Age allow'd Common and special Rights and Laws, Decide each Quarrel and each Cause ;

5 Likewise not bear the Sword in vain ; On Evil-doers inflict Pain ; And in a righteous War apply T' Almighty God for Victory.

6 He who in this World sells and buys, Takes an imposed Oath, enjoys Goods of his own, has Wife and Child, Is not hereby with Sin defil'd.

7 (But that no one may here suspect, As if we did gainsay direct By our Confession, what's averr'd To his Disciples by our Lord ;

8 Therefore observe, that to this Day, Such who're in the Disciples Way, Do lose, as Doctor *Luther* sings, Life, Wife, and Children, and all Things.)

9 And who in those Particulars Perhaps still some Infringement bears, 'Tis Circumstances this require, Not that Perfection be rais'd higher.

10 For the Perfection doth consist In Faith alone in Jesus Christ, Which Reverence and Worship right

For our dear God doth soon excite.

11 For 'tis no outward worldly Thing The Gospel fain to pass would bring ; But 'tis an inward Thing, whereto The Gospel hath its Aim and View,

12 A Life eternal, Righteousness Within the Heart's most deep Recess ; It o'erturns not Society, Leaves Government and Wedlock free.

13 Yea has acknowledg'd these God's Will ; And only would therewith instill, That each, with Christian Charity, Discharge his Calling carefully.

14 Therefore the Christian Church shall free To Magistrates obedient be, Her Homage from the Heart be shewn, Doing what they like to have done.

15 It is supposed, that they ask nought Which cannot without Sin be wrought : For in that Case, we must obey God more than what all Men may say.

PRAYER.

Since Thou, Lord Jesus Christ, hast been Thyself a right good Citizen ; Grant, that Disciple's Duty ne'er, And Citizen's, may interfere,

A R T:

ART. XVII.

I DO believe, a Time
shall be, When my Lord
Jesus visibly At the last Day
to judge will come, And all
the Dead shall leave their
Tomb.

2 Th' Elect, and all who
do believe, Into eternal Life
have Leave To enter, and
without all Woes, Enjoy a
Bliss which no End knows;

3 But those who're wick-
ed and profane, And De-
vils too, go into Pain, Eter-
nal Punishment in Hell As
scabby Sheep to bear and
feel.

4 We blame then those,
who teach and vent, That
whoso into Hell is sent, Or
Man or Devil, must not so
Eternal Torment undergo.

5 'Tis also a fanatick
Dream Of Jewish Minds,
and only them, That the
first Resurrection brings
Such wordly Realm and
State of Things,

6 Wherein the Saints,
the godly all, With over-
bearing Power shall In their
Turn seek to get the Sway,
And raze the Wicked quite
away.

PRAYER.

*None who hath Jesus in
his Heart, Can in such
Thoughts take any Part; As
after Easter forty Days,*

*'Midst the Millennium so
his Case.*

ART. XVIII.

CONCERNING free Will we
allow, That Man as
daily Fact doth show, Still
in some Measure really An
Option hath, a Will that's
free:

2 He can in Outwards
well behave, Can of two
Things choose which he'll
have, So far as mere good
Sense doth go, A Matter
to approve and know;

3 And yet without the
Help and Grace Of th'
Holy Ghost, till he takes
Place, The Man's not able
God to please, Fear, love,
and trust in him always,

4 Nor from his Breast to
separate The evil Lust,
which is innate; But this
is possible alone Thro' th'
Holy Spirit to be done,

5 Who thro' God's Word
bestowed is. For *Paul* one
time speaks on this wise,
The nat'ral Man, while he
does live, Can of God's
Spirit nought receive.

6 And that it plainly may
be seen, That nothing new
I say herein, Hear *Austin's*
Words, which very clear
Of free Will in one Book
appear:

7 " We do confess, (so
he

he goes on In the third *Hypognosticon*) "That there's

"a Will in some sort free,
"In all the human Pro-
"geny :

8 "For they've still na-
"turally all An Intellect
"in general, And Reason,
"which indeed, 'tis own'd,
"To treat with God is un-
"fit found.

9. "They cannot from
"the Soul's deep Source,
"Fear and love God ; yet
"in the Course Of th'
"outward Life they can,
"we see, Choose bad or
"good *extempore*,

10 "The good which
"Nature can fulfil, To act
"and work, or else stand
"still, Eat, drink, on Neigh-
"bours cast an Eye, Dress
"and undress, build, Wed-
"lock try,

11 "Follow a Trade,
"and in such Kind Do use-
"ful Things, as they're in-
"clin'd ; Still granting,
"that nought without God
"Subsists, but from and
"thro' him flow'd.

12 "Likewise a Man
"hath a free Choice To
"act some Wickedness or
"Vice ; Worship an Idol,
"some one strike And kill,
"and many more such
"like.

PRAYER.

*Be thank'd, Lord ! that
with Heart's Delight I can
will, what 'fore Thee is
right ; Yet that nought else
I may do still, Dear God !
watch, and trust not my
Will.*

ART. XIX.

C Concerning th' Origin
of Sin We teach : Al-
tho' the Hand Divine All
Nature did at first create,
And still uphold each Crea-
ture's State ;

2 Yet hath the Will per-
verse such Might, In a bad
Mind, who doth God slight,
As sinful Lusts to work and
move, So as the Devil's
Will did prove ;

3 Who, soon as God off
from him took His Hand,
from him did turn and look,
Unto what's ill, Christ tes-
tifies Therefore, that of his
own he lies.

PRAYER.

*Alone then Satan and his,
may To own Will live, and
it obey ; My Will and State
to his Hands quite, Who's the
Babe's^a Guardian, I commit.*

ART. XX.

NOW since the Gospel
shines with Pow'r,
Men talk so senselessly no

^a Matth. xi. 25.

more.

more, That Works alone
sufficient are 'Fore God to
make us just and clear.

2 Thro' Faith and Works
combin'd, 'tis said, For th'
heav'nly Realm we're righ-
teous made; Which saying
doth more Comfort give,
Than if one at bare Works
did drive.

3 Yet since Faith's Doc-
trine, tho' indeed 'Mong
Christians the chief Point
and Head, Had long not
rightly urged been; Hence
did our Ancestors teach
plain:

4 First, that not any Work
of ours Us unto Peace with
God restores, Purchases
Grace, or Sin's Release;—
But Faith attains these Pur-
poses,

5 When one believes, that
for Christ's sake Alone
God's Wrath is turned back,
Who's the one Mediator
meet 'Twixt God and us
in Sin's hard Strait.

6 Should any think, he
can do this, And merit
Grace, by Works of his;
Against the Gospel he to
God, Despising Christ, doth
seek a Road.

7 The Doctrine of Be-
lief is plain In many Places
of *Paul* seen; By Grace
ye're fav'd, (we now re-

hearse *Ephesians* second, the
eighth Verse.)

8 Only thro' Faith, and
that doth rise Not from
yourselves, God's Gift it is,
Not out of Works, that
Cause to boast For ev'ry
Man be wholly lost.

9 And that we here have
fram'd or chose No novel
sense, *Augustin* shews, Who
often on this Subject treats,
For instance, one this Sen-
tence meets:

10 Not Works but Faith
in Christ alone Brings Grace,
and us before God's Throne
Makes righteous; so his
Book doth say *De spiritu
et Literâ*.

11 Altho' this Doctrine
be despis'd, When heard
by Men unexercis'd With
Trials, 'tis, we find, with
Haste By poor affrighted
Hearts embrac'd.

12 The Conscience seek-
eth Rest and Peace; By
Works it cannot these pos-
sess; But when God's Pro-
mise it believes, And that
as certain Truth conceives,

13 That it has for Christ
Jesus' sake A loving God;
it then doth take Courage;
when justify'd by Faith, A
Man Peace also with God
hath.

14 So to his *Romans* Saint *Paul* says. This Comfort yet in former Days Was in such Measure not preach'd clear; Then Consciences thus guided were,

15 That all must thro' our Works be fought; So People many of these wrought, One to a Cloyster thro' Smart ran, Another some Task else began.

16 Ev'ry one fought for Grace and Ease, And how God for his Sins t' appease; But many of them at last found, No Help did grow upon such Ground.

17 Therefore it was high time t' insist, And preach the Faith in Jesus Christ, That all might know, that what Faith eyes, Without Desert God's pure Grace is.

18 But here observe, that we take Care, That Faith's Distinction to declare, Which comes in Devils from Knowledge dry, And in bad Men from Levity,

19 Where one the Passion's Story all Believes of Course, in Doubt won't call, And that 'tis like, as Creeds do say, Christ from the Dead rose the third Day.

20 But a believing Christian Man Is he, to whom it is Amen, And Truth,

that he his Sin's Release, And Grace with Christ obtained has,

21 And who doth to Christ's Glory now, Of God Almighty so much know, That he is his God full of Grace, Whom he invokes in all Distress;

22 Who no more like the Heathen Train, Lives without God, since 'tis most plain, Both in Satan and Atheist Faith in this Article is miss'd,

23 Pardon of Sins, this they mock at, Hence they Almighty God do hate, They for no Good from that Hand look, Whence also they don't him invoke.

24 Suitably to what we repeat, The Scripture treats of Faith compleat, Meaning such Knowledge by no means Thereby, as Devils and bad Men's.

25 Th' Epistle to the *Hebrews* speaks, Right Faith within it always takes A Hope and Confidence, which we Fix on God's Promise steadily.

26 And *Austin* also hath this Note, That by the Word Belief we ought Trust in God's Grace to understand, That we've a gracious Lord obtain'd;

27 Not as Satan and all
his Rout, Who Death and
Hell from thence suck'd out,
When by the Consequen-
ces he Must own this a
true History.

28 We at the same time,
secondly, Do teach, Good
Works must and shall be,
Yet not that one thereon
rely, And think God's Fa-
vour bought thereby.

29 But what one does,
and can, always From Love
to God and to his Praise Is
done, Sin's Pardon all the
while Faith doth receive
from free Grace still.

30 When thro' the Faith
in Jesus Christ, The Holy
Ghost us to assist Is giv'n;
then is the Heart made fit
To do what 'fore the Lord
is right.

31 For 'till then, want-
ing th' Holy Ghost, 'Tis
too weak, all Attempts are
lost, Since in the De-
vil's Pow'r it dwells, Who
Nature unto Sin impells.

32 Therefore one plain-
ly might behold, That the
Philosophers of old, When
they did undertake and
strive Like decent worthy
Men to live,

33 Have not been able
in t'effect; Instead of what
they did project, Virtue,
into Sins of gross Kind Have

fallen, which could not be
screen'd.

34 So with all People it
must go, Who without
standing in Faith true, And
not being by the Spirit led,
Thro' their own Strength
think to proceed.

35 Dear Friends, of Faith
ne'er be it said, That it
doth from good Works dis-
suade; But rather praise
it, which first now Them
teaches right, and helps to
do.

36 It also shews, how
they're attain'd; Which
that ye well may under-
stand, Observe once more,
where Jesus Christ, Where
Faith as yet doth not ex-
ist:

37 The human Nature
there all o'er, A wretched
Creature is and poor, For
good Works too low-sunk
by far; She neither can
make a right Pray'r;

38 Heaps in her Calling
Sin on Sin, In Troubles
can't herself resign, Cannot
obey, her Neighbour love,
Nor against Lusts victorious
prove.

39 Such high and right
good Works are done In
Jesus' Strength, in that al-
one; As he doth (*John*
the fifteenth) shew, "With-
out me ye can nothing do.

PRAYER.

PRAYER.

*But with Thee, most be-
loved God! To do Works,
doth no Jest include. I hold
with him, who on thy Side
'Gainst Sin, World, Devil,
doth abide.*

A R T. XXI.

AS touching th' Honour
which 'mong Men
To the Saints hath esta-
blish'd been, Here we in-
deed do teach so far, That
one the Saints in Mind
should bear;

2 That it t'assist our Faith
may serve, Whatever we
in them observe, How Grace
them seiz'd, and in them
wrought, How Faith them
thro' all Trials brought;

3 That so in that Vo-
cation we, Where us the
Saviour call'd to be, God-
lyly their Example may And
sweetly follow to this Day.

4 But that one to them
Worship give, Or in Straits
ask them to relieve, Of this
the Bible nothing says; That
knows of but one Throne
of Grace:

5 One Mediator, clear
it is, 'Twixt Men and God
doth well suffice, Thereto
was Christ appointed free,
The whole World's only
Saviour he.

6 He's the one Priest in
Heaven's Height, And with
his Sire the Advocate; He
also promis'd hath alone,
That he will hear our ev'ry
Moan.

7 This is the highest Li-
turgy, That one adore and
seek to Thee In all Need,
who our Peace didst gain,

CHORUS.

*Lord Jesus Christ, true God
and Man!*

8 By John it hath de-
clared been, Supposing
any one should sin, That
with the Father in such
case, Jesus as Advocate he
has.

PRAYER.

*Thanks to the Gospel be!
for now, When I do pray, I
but speak so: Think, Father
dear! what I'm about Is thy
own Son's Concern through-
out.*

A R T. XXII.

THIS is the Doctrine's
Sum we hold, As it
to th' Evangelick Fold, For
Christian Information right,
And for Soul's Comfort,
once was writ;

2 Which, Reformation
in Faith's Way T'effect,
hath in good Part its Sway
Obtain'd now for two hun-
dred.

dred Years. To us it never
false appears.

3 The Holy Ghost us
therein keep, Till Christ

again comes to his Sheep,
And ope it to us more and
higher, As Christendom's
Needs do require.

23.

Germ. N^o 1682.

Tune: *The Lamb's Blood and his
Nail-prints dear.*

AH! my dear Hearts-
beloved Lamb! What
Love have I possessed, Since
thou by thy dear Cross's
Stem, Me happily hast
placed?

2 Thy Blood, thy Blood
the Deed has wrought, That
won me to the Saviour;
Else had I never on thee
thought, Nor come to thee
for ever.

3 Scarce did I clear my
Mis'ry see, But Blood was
also named By thy dear
Sinner Company, Which
all my Heart inflamed.

4 My conquer'd Heart
was melted straight, In
Floods of Tears I fainted;
A Foretaste had I at his
Feet, And nothing more I
wanted.

5 To me the Blood, Je-
hovah's Blood, Which on

Mount Calv'ry flowed, Was
then the sole and highest
Good, And 'twas on me be-
flowed.

6 I saw me in the wound-
ed Space, The Spear for
me had grav'd; And knew
me call'd among the Race
Thro' free Election saved.

7 I saw from out the
Lanced Side, The Stream-
ing Blood and Water; There
all my Happiness I spy'd,
With Joy and Holy Rap-
ture.

8 Is't possible a Child so
poor, So soon should find
Salvation? Who cold and
dead knew scarcely more,
Than Sin without Cessa-
tion.

9 But 'twas th' appoint-
ed Day of Grace, The
Time to save commenced;
My Heart transported, was
in Blaze Thro' what the
Blood dispensed.

10 The Kindling Fire
inmediate flam'd; Thy ten-
der Dealings o'er me My
Silence brake, and me con-
strain'd To go and witness
for thee.

11 I said; the Wound-
Stream's Energy, Which
from the Cross so flooded;
Has in the Grace engrafted
me, From which no one's
excluded.

12 A Soul, tho' fill'd
with Guilt and Shame, And
sinful in its Essence: Soon
as it bows before the Lamb,
Finds Favour in his Pre-
sence.

13 The Blood which he
did shed so kind, Alone hath
it effected, That the whole
World now Life may find,
As well as the Elected.

14 My Heart's-beloved
tender Lamb! With thou-
sand Tears be praised! For
tho' I to thee had no claim,
Thou long'dst to have me
blessed.

15 Thou now hast made
me loose and free, And from
my Curse redeemed, And
with thy chosen Company
A Member me esteemed.

16 I'm still (I know it
very well,) With Misery
surrounded; Yet did'st thou
Sin's Dominion quell, Thro'
thy so being wounded.

17 I need, I will not mix
with Sin, Since I thy Pow'r
have proved, And thy
Blood's gracious shine have
seen; Thou'lt keep thy
Child beloved.

18 In Peace I now can

rest and do, What once,
thro' Sin and Sadness, I
could not, till redeem'd,
and now I serve the Lord
with Gladness.

19 A Pain I have and
only one, My Love is not
so tender, As, in a Soul
who is thy Bone, Thy
Mercy it should render.

20 I feel it, where in
debt I am, With Sinner-
Shame it bows me; Yet
I'm a Member of the Lamb;
Who his dear Child allows
me.

21 O keep for ever in
my Sight Thy so much
wounded Body! My peace-
ful Seat be in the Light Of
thy Nail-Holes so bloody.

22 Thy dear Hand never
from me move, Thy Heart
keep for me open; Work
on the Flesh 'till to the
Grave, To th' Spirit nought
can happen.

23 O Let my Soul sink
deeper in The Blood's un-
fathom'd Ocean! My Pa-
sture - Ground is always
green, I feed upon thy Pas-
sion:

24 Till once I can the
Nail-holes kiss, And greet
with Bride's Affection, And
close embrace upon my
Knees These Seals of my
Election.

24.

Germ. N^o 1887.*In the same Tune.*

A Lamb goes forth, and
on him bears The
Guilt and Misdemeanour
Of all the World, and pa-
tient wears The Likeness
of a Sinner.

2 Great King! in ev'ry
Age confest, Yet never more
or greater, Than when thou
with thy Wounds wast drest,
Could I but praise thee bet-
ter!

3 Yet when to sing I
even cease, And only thirst
incessant; Thou gracious
Prince, whom for my Bliss
Thirst did consume, Art
present.

4 And when my Soul thy
Soul does meet, From thy
Hands Bliss it gaineth; My
Flesh thy Temple does thee
greet, When on the Heart
Blood raineth.

5 Of Jesu's Blood, that
Dew so sweet, None has
so true a Feeling, As his
dear Church, who makes
the Feet Of her dear Spouse
her Dwelling.

6 O Holy Ghost! a Mo-
ther thou Most suitably art
named; O Spirit, who the

Scriptures thro', Hast Je-
su's Praise proclaimed;

7 O Spirit, whose whole
Diocese In Jesu's Rings
appeareth; For thy Mater-
nal Heart she prays, Which
Heart for all things careth.

8 O Jesu, little Lamb so
dear! What Pain a poor
Heart traces, What An-
guish, which one scarce can
bear, Until one thee em-
braces!

9 In thousand Beauties
could'st thou be Unto
God's Church pourtrayed,
When one the bloody Rays
can see By ev'ry Scar dis-
played.

10 But paint thyself with
thy own Hand; Deep in
my Heart ingrave Thee, O
Lamb! and I'll no more
demand, 'Till I can wholly
have Thee.

11 So sure as Thou'rt
the Christ of God, And
God of God's own Essence,
And Light of Light, a
Lamb so good, And of a
gracious Presence:

12 So sure myself quite
poor I find; Indeed I
should have died, Had not
thy blest atoning Wind
With Breath me well sup-
plied.

13 My Dearest Saviour!
give thy Child That sweet
especial Favour; That it
may

may to thy Face so mild,
The proper Track discover.

14 And let me then with
Juice of Blood, Thy Scars
uncounted Numbers Pour-
tray before the Brother-
hood, With all thy dying
Members.

15 And let me paint that
melting Look, Thou gav'st
as thou expired'st, When
for our Bliss thine Eye-
strings broke, And thou
from Life retired'st.

16 Mean while I view
thy tender Care Quite hap-
py and contented, To bring
me Soul and Body near,
To thy own Self cement-
ed.

17 Indeed, my Lamb! it
gladdens me, That grafted
in thy Body, I can abide
unchangeably, Which I be-
lieve most steady.

18 God equal with thy
Father strong! Finish in si-
lent manner The Vict'ry in
the Flesh, among The Souls
beneath thy Banner.

19 Ah! stay by thy dear
Church, that she Embrace
thee in her Spirit; That on
thy Breast she warmed be,
Glad of thy Wounds and
Merit.

20 It costs thee scarce a
Step to go, To ease a Soul

that's needy; Thou didst
come far enough e'er now
Into our sinful Body.

21 Now therefore thee,
dear Lord, we blest! Al-
tho' our utmost Fervour Is
nothing like thy Eagerness.
To die for us, O Saviour.

22 Yet each, Thou ever-
lasting Good! Gets thro',
tho' Poor and Needy; Fill
only all with thy dear Blood.
And feed them with thy
Body.

23 Think on one Flock
especially, Whose Heart's
whole Inclination, Is to thee
her dear Lamb to be A
faithful Congregation.

24 When is the quite to
thy Heart's Wish, When
does she in Blood's River
Swim on, as in the Sea a
Fish! When lost in Thee
for ever!

25 That in a simple child-
like Mind, She fully might
be guided; And truly as
the Lamb design'd, Have
all her Things decided.

26 That while she does
the Furrows make The Ob-
ject of her Vision, She may
deep in her Heart partake
Her changeless Bliss-Fru-
ition.

27 Thy Wounds, Lord
Jesus, and the Wreath That
pierc'd thy sacred Fore-
head,

head, And all thy Suff'rings
unto Death Shine from th'
Moravian Handmaid.

28 Her Wish, that many
a Heathen Soul To thy
Heart be cemented; There-
by, that the far northern
Pole Yields Savages, is
granted.

29 Who knows but Je-
su's bloody Scars May, if
not loud proclaimed, Yet
softly once to *Persian* Ears
And to *Mogols* be named?

30 What! Who is God?
A Carpenter, Who, tho'
the World's Compiler, In
this Form wisely did appear,
As Th' whole World's Re-
conciler.

31 He knew how to con-
found and blast All Wis-
dom's vain Presumption,
And yet upon the Cross at
last To finish our Redemp-
tion.

32 Lamb! when Thou
'fore thy Father's Face Per-
form'st thy Ministration,
Presenting all the Sinner-
Race As thy own Genera-
tion:

33 This thy small Church
forget not then, Bought by
thy Death so bloody, She
loves thee so for all thy
Pain, That she to die is
ready.

34 And since in our own
Flesh and Blood Thou'st

won the whole Creation,
Make chaste that Flesh and
true and good, Thro' thy
Wounds Radiation.

35 Thou Father of all
things and God! Who all
hast comprehended, When
dead and naked on the
Wood Thy Body was ex-
tended!

36 The Counsel of thy
Love compleat, And make,
that ev'ry wonder Of thy
Fire's godly Flame and
Heat, May overspread thy
Tinder.

37 Then all our Choirs
with chearful Tone, Praise
Jesus the *Jehovah*: Tho'
Kyrie Eleison * Is mix't
with *Hallelujah* †.

25.

Germ. N^o 1727.

Tune: *Lord, Christ, thy Blood
so shed.*

AN inward priestly
Heart, And tender
Mother's Smart, A Mind
of Virgins chaste, Child-
likeness, Diligence, A faith-
ful, humbled Breast, All
Bliss in a Word, Quickly
now afford To thy Body,
Lord!

* *Lord have Mercy.* † *Praise
the Lord,*

2 The

2 The Wounds our Sins procur'd, When Hands and Feet were bor'd, The Furrows drawn so deep Upon thy Body, Lord! Comfort thy Church and keep Her Eternally, Thro' all that which she Undergoes for Thee.

3 O Thou our Head, Lord Christ! I doubt not, Thou'lt exist, (As a most faithful Heart, Who's Church's-Prince confess) In all her Joy and Smart Always to her *that*, What since one blest Date Thou didst stipulate.

26.

Germ. N^o 1768.

Tune: *The Saviour's Blood and, &c.*

AS long as Jesus Lord remains, Each Day new rising Glories gains; It was, it is, and will be so With his Blood - Cross's-Church below.

2 Still to that Word well known we chime, From Place to Place, from Time to Time: O Thou our bloody Righteousness! Remain thy Church's glorious Dress.

3 The Song upon the

Sea of Glass, The *Shibboleth* the small Flock has, Is; *but one Thing has brought us thro', The Lamb's Blood, He was slaughter'd so.*

4 With Heart and Mouth we join our *Yes*, The Lamb his Church's Ground-work is; Which in its Place shall stedfast stay, When Heav'n and Earth shall melt away.

5 The Lamb, he is our dearest Lord, We'll of no other hear a Word, He is the Church's lovely Head, On whom she b'lieves enamoured.

6 Thou know'st it dearest Lord and God! Thy Cross, thy Shame, thy Death and Blood, And all thy meritorious Pain, Is thy dear Congregation's Gain.

7 'Fore all the World she honours Thee, And should ought else proposed be, Tho' it were by an Angel bright, With her his Credit's gone outright.

8 What wonder that thy Hand doth bring Thy People as with Leading-String, From Step to Step still further on, That they're at last to Heathens gone.

9 Thy Spirit, the Spirit of Glory styl'd, With which thy Father thee hath oil'd, That

That too is thro' thy Church
diffus'd, By which to all
she's introduc'd.

10 On Servants, and on
Handmaids Thou Th' U-
rim and Thummim dost be-
stow: To them thou ope'st
the sealed Book, Whene'er
they want therein to look.

11 Thy Grace with Pow-
ers them endows, For faith-
ful Service in thy House,
For Offices 'mongst thy
blest Croud, For Blessings
'mong the Witness Cloud.

12 When these Things
we're reflecting on, We
scarce know what on us is
done, We sit, we view, in
wonder brought, Thou cru-
cify'd! Thou'rt all our
Thought.

13 Thy Messengers more
glorious make, Lamb! for
thy own and Church's sake,
Let the whole World be
quickly told, What we of
thee our Lamb do hold.

27.

Tune: Ye Children, where do
you dwell, &c.

A Soul that would al-
ways be shelter'd
from Sin, Whose Garments
he every Day would keep
clean, Where could such a

one out of Danger abide?
O! he must a Hermit be-
come in the Side.

2 Who makes the red
Nailprints his constant Re-
treat, Will find such Re-
tirement and Solitude sweet,
Such Stillness and Safety
from all that is ill, That
there and there only he al-
ways will dwell.

3 One momentarily there
is preserved from Harm, He
tastes Life eternal, is juicy
and warm; No Foe from
without or within can mo-
lest The Dove who hath
built in these Rock-cliffs its
Nest.

28.

Germ. N^o. 1842. Wi-
dows-Hymn, April 30.
1743.

Tune: Lord Christ, thy Blood,
&c.

AS our dear Joshua,
His Mother standing
saw At his Crucifixion; It
from his Heart did draw
Such Sense of her Afflic-
tion, That He rais'd his
Head, Grateful, that in-
deed He Flesh from her
had.

2 As his Heart John was
there,

there, To him with filial
Care, " See, says he, thy
" Mother !" 'Twas done,
That Sheep more near To
Jesus than all other, Took
this Mother poor Glad,
within his Door, Would
not leave her more.

3 Who would not wil-
lingly His Saviour's Mo-
ther see In his Habitati-
on ? This must *John's* Pri-
v'lege be, 'Twas his Pre-
destination, And his pro-
per Lot, Which we now
have not To experience
got.

4 Yet whosoever can Be-
lieve God's Word to Man,
'Tis to them a Blessing,
And purely Grace's Plan ;
To nurse a Creature, mis-
sing Husband, Friends and
Store, A true Widow poor,
Soul and Body o'er.

5 Hence thou must wick-
ed be, Thou Christian's
Relict free ! If thou Christ
forsakest, And that Pledge
wantonly To Lust an Off-
ring makest, Which in Je-
su's Hands Now reverted
stands From the Marriage-
Bands.

6 Yea, hence a Curse it
is. Lo ! Our Lamb's Suit
is this, Which the Bible
presseth On married Men
of his, " Thou, who my

" Wounds confessest, Hus-
" band ! Thou must see,
" Her Vice - Christ Thou
" be, Till once Christess
" she.

7 And this in general
Should be the Aim of all
In the Husband's Station ;
And then 'twill do, we
shall In Jesu's Congrega-
tion See each Widow made
Ready for the Bed Of the
Lamb her Head.

8 Lord Jesus ! now be-
hold The Church's Wi-
dow-Fold : Young ones of
this Order, Not yet like
Thee, them mould, By a
new Marriage further, That
Th' Eternal Band, Thro'
a faithful Hand, May com-
pleated stand.

9 So on the other Side,
Who in thy Church reside
By their Years excepted
From being further tied, By
thee be they accepted ; " In
" me (say and own) Shall
" your Marriage-plan From
" this Day be done,

CHORUS.

*Lord Jesus Christ ! thy
Passion, Thy Death and thy
Salvation Bless our beloved
Widows Choir.*

29.

Germ. N^o 2079. *Acts* ii.Tune: *The Saviour's Blood and,*
&c.

AS Pentecost was fully
come, Th' Assembly
being in some Room, A
rushing Wind and sudden
blows, And fills immediate
all the House.

2 While in Amaze th'
attentive Throng, The like-
ness of a fiery Tongue Di-
vinely shone, and hov'ring
made Its dazling Rest on
ev'ry Head.

3 Mean while from God's
eternal Child, The Holy
Ghost each Bosom fill'd;
All spake, as he did them
direct, With Tongues and
wondrous Dialect.

4 *Jerusalem* at this year-
ly Feast Was full of Men
from all the East, And
some from ev'ry Land and
Name, Who hither to the
Worship came.

5 Scarce was the Rumour
spread abroad, But round
the House a Concourse
crowd: Each thought
through all the wond'ring
Throng, He heard them
speak his Mother Tongue.

6 Astonish'd each his
Neighbour view'd, And ar-

gu'd, as they listning stood,
Are these not *Galileans*?
How Do they the *Parthi-
ans* Language know?

7 'Tis *Elamitish*, one re-
ply'd; Nay *Median*, they
of *Media* cry'd; *Mesopo-
tamish*, some averr'd, Some
we have *Cappadocish* heard.

8 We *Pontish*; We th'
Ionick clear, *Pamphylian*
we; we *Phrygian* hear.
Egyptian! Nay, the *Liby-
ans* cry, 'Tis *Cyrenean* cer-
tainly.

9 'Tis (said the Profelytes
of *Rome*) Pure *Latin*; No
'tis *Cretish*, some. *Arabs*
affirm'd, 'tis *Arabick*; O-
thers, 'tis what the *Jews*
now speak.

10 When one surprized
turn'd him round, And God
Almighty's Finger own'd,
"Tho' I am here a Fo-
reigner, Yet in my na-
tive Tongue I hear;

11 And others who about
him stood, Thought, what
will follow O my God!
"They're drunk," the
Galileans cry'd; We *Jew-
ish* hear, and nought be-
side.

12 Then *Peter* with th'
Eleven rose, Beckon'd, and
silenc'd all the House; And
then he audibly began To
speak in ev'ry Language
plain.

13 *Jerusalem's* Citizens,
and ye *Of Israel's* chosen
Family! To you especially
be known, What now is
'midst the People done.

14 The Nations gather'd
round the House, Are not
in Wine, as ye suppose;
Three Hours of Day are
scarcely gone, Nor can you
think them drunk so soon.

15 The Miracle to-day
ye view, *Joel* had promis'd
long ago: In th' latter
Days (saith God) I'll bless
And pour my Spirit on your
Race.

16 On ev'ry Creature
shall it flow; Your Chil-
dren, Sons and Daughters
too, Shall Seers and Pro-
phets then commence, And
far and wide my Word dis-
pense.

17 Your Old my Mind
in Dreams shall learn, Your
young Men Visions shall dis-
cern, Servants and Hand-
maids will I bless, And they
shall be my Witneses.

30.

Germ. N^o 2159.

Tune: *To God on high, &c.*

AS the Lamb in the
Garden went, He saw
some one there tarry; 'Twas

Mary, who him did lament,
The Lamb did call out,
Mary! She turn'd about in
haste, poor Thing, And
round his Feet did fall and
cling, And said, My God-
Lord-Jesus!

31.

From the German.

A^VE*, my Husband
dear!

Ave, for thy Plan here.

Ave, for thy Toil great.

Ave, for thy Blood-Sweat.

Ave, for Limbs Ice-set.

Ave, thou Lips pale Hue!

Ave, thou Cheeks cold

Dew!

Ave, thou ghastly View!

O thorn-crown'd Head so
fine!

Wounded :|, :|: Skin of
thine!

Ave, :|, :|: Side's dear
Shrine!

* All hail!

32.

From the German.

BLOODY Reconciler,
Thy Cross-Church's
Healer! If times number-
less I thy Feet embraced,
D Wept

Wept them wet, and kissed
For electing Grace; Yet I
nought thereby had wrought,
As thy Smarts Reward now
seize me, Yea and Thousands
with me.

33.

CHicken blessed and ca-
ressed, Little Bee on
Jesu's Breast; From the
Hurry and the Flurry Of
this Earth thou'rt now at
rest: From our Care in
lower Regions, Thou art
taken to the Legions Who
'bove human Grievs are
rais'd; There thou'rt kept,
the Lamb be prais'd!
Chicken blessed, Bee ca-
ressed! Thou that sleep'st
on Jesu's Breast.

34.

Tune: Bloody Reconciler.

CHurch, behold thy Sa-
viour! See the briny
River Gush out of his
Eyes. See him without Pi-
ty Brought without the
City For a Sacrifice. While
he hangs, O mark what
Pangs Caused his so dread-
ful Crying, View thy Hus-
band dying.

2 Multitudes around him
Mock him, hiss, and wound
him, While he silent is;
When he groans, what
shouting Echoes all about
him From his Enemies.
Canst thou hear the Men
of War, See how Priests
and Scribes do teaze him,
While Hell's Terrors 'maze
him.

3 See him faint and ti-
ring, Now with Pain ex-
piring, Bloodless, pale, and
spent: His weak Head de-
clining, Bowing down and
signing His New Testa-
ment. See how rent, how
out of Joint Are his ten-
der Limbs, and whealed,
By these Stripes thou'rt
healed.

4 Look upon him lon-
ger, Death approaches
stronger, Drops of chilling
Sweat Now from his dear
Members Issue forth in
Numbers, Down from
Head to Feet. Lo! he
sighs, and Lamblike dies,
Seals with Death his Oath
and Promise; Now his
Kingdom come is.

5 Satan to the Saviour
Must the Souls deliver,
Owning, "They are thine!"
Frighted he disclaims them,
Blood divine o'erstreams
them, Who were Slaves
of Sin: Now his Head is
brais'd

bruise'd indeed, Nor can
hence Hell's Gates affect
them, Jesus will protect
them.

6 This the Heroes fires,
This with Zeal inspires All
the Witness-Cloud, Far and
near to publish, And this
Truth establish, Christ is
Lord and God! He has
dy'd, and justify'd, Freed
from Hell and Sin for ever
Ev'ry true Believer.

35.

From the German.

*Tune: Thou who with Sinners
smitten art.*

CLOSE to thy blessed
Wounds we are Now
here, our Love-Feast hold-
ing; And the dear Side's
beloved Scar Is our Lamb's
Grace unfolding: We glad-
ly kiss the Side's dear Hole,
The Hands, Feet, ev'ry
Feature; O loveliest Lamb,
make to our Soul Each of
thy Scratches sweeter!

36.

Germ. N^o. 1583.

Tune: Elder of thy Train.

DEAR Church, art
thou well, In the

Side-Hole's Cell? Art thou,
other Places scorning, At
thy rising in the Morning,
Hid within the Shrine Of
this Wound divine?

2 Dost thou know the
Hand Of thy dear Hus-
band? Hast thou been so
well all over, That thy
Eyes the Bliss discover; And
this Day by Day? Can't
thou Amen say?

3 Really that Hole dear,
Open'd by the Spear, Al-
ways Room enough is giv-
ing, That we all may there
be living: And who will
be well, Must come in this
Cell.

4 Husband of thy *She*,
(Banish'd once from Thee,
But thro' thy most holy Pas-
sion, Purchas'd out of ev'ry
Nation, From all Curse and
Fear,) Stand her Husband
dear!

37.

Germ. N^o 2290. *March*
6, 1747.

*Tune: Brought to the Birth dear
Creature, thou.*

DEAR Creature, whom
Immanuel Found out,
did form and fix, And alto-
gether with his own Soul Does
to a Balsam mix: What on
D 2 this

this Feast, thy spousal Lord
Doth thee to celebrate af-
ford, Would prove the dear-
est Gift to thee?

[ANSWER.]

Could be but marry me!

2 His rushing, that the
smallest Hair Quiver'd and
shook thereby, His Breezes,
as at *Emmaus* there An
Inkling prov'd him nigh,
And that inim'table Look
of his To me had sure be-
wray'd my Bliss: This to
the Wounds-Rays we im-
pute, They touch, seize,
and transmute.

3 How very oft has wept
my Heart, My other Self!
with Thought, That in my
wedded Friend a Smart Of
Anxiousness I've wrought,
For, (thought I) whom he
so has led, And hath not
yet consummated, Must a
poor Being certainly, As
the Ass stupid be.

4 How is it? for this
wretched Heart, So slug-
gish, burthensome, This
Heart, who's his Reproach
and Smart, *Eflarat Ani-*
mmum *. I thought at all
Adventures this, If I'm a
Man, I'm surely his; He
is of Mankind's Church the
Spouse: He hears't, be-
lieves, allows.

* *He had given up the Ghost.*

5 What wonder, if a *Je-*
didjab Of Jesus Christ the
Spouse, Is of his *Philadel-*
phia (God knows how)
Angel chose? The Heart
is full of Tears and Sight,
The Mouth must overflow
outright; The Heart the
Lord and Husband feels,
The Mouth it gladly tells.

6 In Th' uncreated Fa-
mily, Of th' House thou
only Son! That House
which ne'er extinct can be,
Because it ne'er begun; Head
of the Court of *Elshim*, Of
each Confessor Seraphim *
Arch-Penitentiary thou! A
Worm will Penance do.

* *Isai. vi. 6, 7. Job iv. 18.*

7 There hangs the little
Creature dear, Which has
thy Foot embrac'd; It's
Sinner Mouth there cleaves,
and were Gladly to it sing'd
fast. What of himself *I-*
saiah says, That do upon
thy Church always; She
all believes implicitly, As
Gospel, what's from thee.

38.

Germ. N° 20.

Dearest Lamb! thy
Wounds so blessed,
Are a bottomless Abyss!
For

For a Host quite number-
less So of healthy as dis-
eased, :|: Do from them
drink their Salvation. Ev'ry
Witness Throat does sound,
O that in the Side-hole's
Wound Deep :., :|:, :|:
was fix'd our Habitation!
Happy, happy, happy are,
:|: Who in the Blood-
streaming Wounds of the
Saviour quite buried are. :|:

troul. Make both Body
and Soul Free from Ha-
zazel *. Amen, Abiel †.

* *The Name of an evil Spirit.*
† *My Father God.*

40.

Sabbath-Hymn. Germ.
N^o 2244.

Tune: *Rise, exalt the Majesty.*

39.

From the German.

Tune: *Ave, my Husband dear.*

DEAR Father Hea-
venly, Now hear thy
Litany. When we Lamb!
Lamb! repeat, *Abba* sounds
very sweet. Thy King-
dom shall go on. Did we
but do thy Will, In all
things soft and still; As it
above is done! Thou art
our God alone, Therefore
give us Food, The true
Bread of God.

2 Thy Debtors sure we
are, Always dost thou for-
bear! We also will be glad,
When to the Brotherhood
We can forgive the Debt.
God's Torments Covenant
No Room at all will grant
The Tempter, us to con-

FLock of Grace, ye
Witnesses! On whom
the Lamb's great Matters
lie; 'Tis the way, that on
this Day You should your
Pilgrim - Staves lay by.
Since our Church's Period,
Is the Sabbath's Feast re-
new'd. Know you, who
appointed this? Our Lord
God, Christ Jesus, 'tis.

2 Christ, He fram'd, and
Ruach (nam'd The Mo-
ther) did the Creature
brood; Father spoke the fi-
nishing Stroke, And all in
six Days perfect stood: Then
when God saw all so blest
And good, the sev'nth was
the Rest Of *Jehovah Elo-*
him, And was Sabbath
call'd by him.

3 Holy be, from Labour
free, To Creatures all, this
blessed Day! *Israel's Flock*
and

and *Abraham's* Stock Do
their Creator's Plan obey.
Moses as his Custom was,
This Command renewed
has, Rigorously did ordain,
Each should rest, on heavy
Pain.

4 Thousand Year elapsed
were, And then began a
Period new ; The Prophet
of *Nazaret*, Preaching with
quite another view, Did too
now and then at least, Touch
upon the Sabbath - Feast ;
Made that, such a Day of
Rest, As does ease and not
molest.

5 Now this Thing, that
Evening A quite indiff'rent
Matter made. Whereon
came the last dear Lamb,
Just as the Jews their *Pas-
sab* had : Then in Death's
strong Agony Christ form-
ed his immortal *She*, And
while they the Sabbath
have, He rests too within
the Grave.

6 Ancient Race of Cov'-
nant-Grace, *Your* Sabbath's
Feast as nothing own.
Christ's Church dear, whom
he has here, Which is her
Bridegroom's Flesh and
Bone, She another Sab-
bath has, Giv'n her by
her Husband's Grace ; He
nakes her in his Side's
Shrine A neat Sabbath's
Beddelein.

7 And we are for this
End here, Before the high
enthroned Sire, 'Fore the
Lamb, the sev'nfold Flame,
And 'fore the seven Stars of
Fire, 'Fore the Beings full
of Eyes, 'Fore the Elders
grave and wise. Come, E-
lection ! take your Seat,
And the Sabbath Love-
Feast eat.

8 Sleep and eat at this
Feast sweet, And then a-
gain to work afford ; Study
all the Pilgrim's Call,
Whose Ears the Cov'nant-
Awl has bor'd. When that
Schabbas is to come, The
wish'd - for Millennium,
Where the Lamb is bodi-
ly ; This his own Con-
cernment be.

9 Yet before much time
is o'er, Which we in Faith
must spend below, He'll be
here, the Lamb ; He's near :
The *Schabbas* is preparing
now. But when once our
Husband shall Bring us in
the *Schabbas*-Hall, And we
at his Love-feast sit, Then
'twill be quite sweet, quite
sweet.

10 Amen, Yea ! Halle-
lujah ! That we are called
to this Day ! Now come
near your Cross - Church
here, O Father, Mother,
make no Stay. Build and
beautify the Hall, And,
thou

thou Husband! glad us all.
Fain the Bride would married be,
Come, dear Lord! she calleth Thee.

41.

Germ. N^o 2175.

Tune: *To God on high, &c.*

GOD Maker, who now holds the Helm (And mild his Sway and good is) Of his Demefine and Prize, the Realm Of Spirits join'd to Bodies: The Universe is fure his own, 'Tis the Poffeffion of the Son, With all its Ends and Borders.

2 By Birth he is the *Jehovah*, And for his Throne and Scepter His Sire hath in th' Eternal Law Provided fuch a Chapter, "That he with him together reign;" Since in the Royal Houfe divine, There can be no Succelfion.

3 Yet as to that Imprefion wife, Which in the Creatures place has; The Maker fomewhat did devife, Which caufes diff'rent Traces: He form'd one Individual For his Poffeffion perfonal, And ftamp'd thereon his Image.

4 This he his Marriage-Confort names, She's Lady of all Nature, Of Spirits numberlefs the Dame, And ev'n of ev'ry Creature: God his own Father he allows Her as her Sire, himfelf as Spoufe, The Holy Ghofl as Mother.

5 And now the Cafe is manifefl, When this fame Bride of Jefus, (Which tho' one whole, has been at leaft Canton'd in Million Pieces,) Is for her Husband gathered; The Holy Ghofl performs this Deed, Collects her as a Shepherd.

6 When this blefl Flock of Souls fo weak, Againfl the Hoftile Squadron, (Of whom we many things could fpeak) Does need a mighty Patron: Then does *Jehovah's* Father there, With his Omnipotence appear, And the Son's Sheep protecl:eth.

7 But when embracing is the Cafe, And kifling and Careffes; The Son then like a Load-ftone draws, Love's Pain on her imprefles, The Bride, whom he for himfelf made, And for her endless Gain and Aid Himfelf mix'd with her Nature.

8 And

8 And what the Sire and Spirit dear Do for the whole Seed human, To gather, guard, and take true Care, Is all done in the Son's Name. Whoe'er to speak Commission has, And speaks in the Son's Name and Place, The Thing's as good as Amen.

9 The Hymn is out, yet from our Tongues One Word would still be flowing : It strongly presses Heart and Lungs, What is this Word so glowing ? An Angel's Breath far short does fall To utter it, *Thou'rt all in all ; Lamb ! God's Lamb ! Martyr'd Lamb-kin !*

42.

Tune: *Whene'er him I can eat.*

GOD's Side-hole ! hear my Pray'r, Accept my Meditation : On thee I cast my Care, With Child-like Adoration. While Days and Ages pass, And endless Periods roll, An everlasting Blaze Shall sparkle from that Hole.

43.

Germ. N^o 1894.

Tune: *How is my Heart with Rapture mov'd.*

HAVE endless Thanks, Ye Wounds so dear, And thou, O Side pierc'd by the Spear, For all your Penance bloody. I am redeem'd on Cross's Stem Thro' the Blood of my dearest Lamb. O Blood ! in Soul and Body Stream now Quite thro'. Penetrate me Thro', and heat me, Make me holy, Happy, chearful, light and oily.

2 This kindles in my Heart a Flame, And makes me, O my precious Lamb ! Thy Feet to hold resolved. I lie before those Feet, and weep, And my Heart feels something so deep, As I should be dissolved 'Fore you, Pierc'd thro' Wound-Hole-Sluices, Scratches, Bruises, Mangled Members, Where I have my Dwelling-Chambers.

3 I thank thee then, as I conclude, That thou the penitential Load Haft in my Stead sustained : To thee I live, and do rejoice, To thee I sing, tho' with weak

weak Voice, To thee, who'st
me regained. Keep me
Happy, I'm thy Purchase,
I'm thy Church's, I'm
Yours, Parents! Who gave
up your Child to Tor-
ments.

4 I'd here conclude, but
no I can't; I must once
more the Wound - Holes
chant, My Song must still
present them: The Wounds
whence *Thomas* did con-
clude His Lord to be the
very God, They sparkle,
I could paint them. I Preach
And Teach All that hear
me, Or come near me:
Once I doubted, But the
Wounds all Doubts have
routed.

5 Whene'er I in my
Chamber am, And clasp
and kiss my dearest Lamb,
Then have I the Wounds
wholly: Deep in the Side
I lay me Thus, Now in
the Length, and now across
As if it was mine solely.
For I Do lie In the Side's
Bed, And the Hands red
And the Feet too Are my
Cov'ring and my Pillow.

6 And had my Lamb not
laid on me Some Labour,
I should certainly Mind no-
thing else but eating; I
could by the dear Wounds
so red, My Office and my
Brethren's Need Be easily

forgetting: Since I Dearly
Love to sit near Ev'ry Scar
dear, Them revising, On
his Body herbalizing.

7 And when I from the
Pulpit speak, The Wounds
my gen'ral Heads do make,
And special too, most meet-
ly: And in a Congrega-
tion - Room, Upon the
Wound-holes still I come,
These make the Hours pass
sweetly. Spear's Wound!
Chief Ground, Which I ten-
der To each Sinner! *Tem-
plum pacis!* † Thou mak'st
Churches *ex cloacis* *.

† *Temple of Peace.* * *Out of
Sinks, or what was altogether un-
clean.*

8 And herewith I'm con-
cluding now: Ye Wounds
of Jesus! Thanks to you,
Than ye were so torment-
ed. I kiss you all most ten-
derly, Ye bloody Tokens,
which I see On Hands,
Feet, Side, imprinted. Who
will Now dwell In your
Holes here, Need not howl
There, "O ye Mountains!
"Be my everlasting Cof-
fins."

44.

Germ. N^o 2166.

Tune: *Most worthy Spirit, Guide
&c.*

HERE is a little Bird
that sings to thee,
Dear

Dear married Choir ! quite heartily and free ; Jesus and the *Pleura* * Be your whole Matter, From first to last your Thoughts from this ne'er scatter ; So are you well.

* *Side.*

2 The bloody *Tolab* † thee, O *K'hille* *, blest ! This is my Song for thee, nor will I cease May he blest each Marriage, Pour out his Vial Over each Husband's Head, with Ointment Royal Out of the Side.

† *Crucified one.* * *Church.*

3 (Since 'tis to Day the Sabbath, in my Mind It comes, that one might hence Occasion find, O'er the *Jewish* People To feel Compassion ; Here soon that Dove which sits in a dry Station, Begins to weep.

4 Wish then, that many a *Rabbi* speedily Might in the Side a *Tolab-eater* be. Ye First-Fruits of *Judah* ! May one hope for it ? Dear Hearts ! I think the Point will once be carried With your whole Stock.

5 Mean while we of our Calling are quite glad, Ev'n that, which us such Cross's Air Birds made ; That our Nest and Dwel-

ling We have found ready, Happy and pretty in the Hole so bloody : Hallelujah !)

6 Upon our Hearts and Minds, Lamb ! do thou bleed. We smile for Gladness at thy Cross indeed. On thy Heart still press us, On thy Wounds press us, So have we Hours superlatively precious, Lamb, Lamb, O Lamb !

7 My Heart, my Life, my Joy and Trust alone, Thou with such Anguish slain, God's only Son ! My Soul's high Refreshment, Her Den and Castle, In whose Side, as in Sand small Fishes nestle, She creeps and hides.

8 There found I for myself a Place and Room ; There I advise each Fish and Dove to come ; None shall here Want suffer, Here is good living, To eat and drink the Lamb enough is giving : Reward him God !

9 Tell me, ye little Worms, how does it taste ? " O ! very good, you sing, " most rich repast : Never " in our Life-Time Did " ought more juicy, More " wholesome, and with " Wounds - Pow'r sweet " and spicy, Enter our " Hearts."

10 Now

10 Now Head with thorny Crown so torn and broke ! Oft be to us allow'd thy friendly Look ; Be on all thy Furrows Our Walk and Terrass, To touch and feel what Depth thy ev'ry Scar has ; By God's free Grace.

11 O Hands, which rugged Nails did pierce and marr ; Bless us, anoint us wherefoe'er we are ; Feet, which beneath also On board were fixed ! Let us well kiss you, all the bruised and vexed Limbs of the Lamb !

12 Just as thou art in Cross's Form and Plight, 'Fore Wife and Husband sparkle very bright. For what is our Marriage ? A Trust we carry, 'Till we the Husband, for whom all do marry, In Person see.

13 Is it not so, dear married Choir, there's nought Above the Lamb's Side-hole can charm thy Thought ? 'Thou nought speak'it or thinkest, Or dost, but loving The Wounds ; to which the Mother well approving Her Impulse lends.

14 What she thee bids, that dost thou presently ; When she chastises, soft as Wax thou'lt be ; And when she thee praiseth, Thou know'st thy failing, And on thy Face to the Ground prostrate falling, Blush'st for Shame.

15 The whole Theology thou hast and know'st, This thou repeat'st 'fore God the Holy Ghost ; When he comes and asks thee, Who's thy dear Comfort ? Who is thy Maker, thy sole Smart and Comfort ! Answer : the Lamb.

16 God Father, Mother, and our Brother Lamb ! Blow up trininely your most holy Flame : And thou Soul's true Husband, Wedlock's first Founder ! Be to the Proxy quite so near and tender, As to the Bride.

17 And when thou castest on the Church an Eye, Then let thy Heart take Pleasure inwardly Over the Revenues And Rents accruing From all thy Smarts and bitter from hence going, Lamb, Lamb, O Lamb !

45.

Germ. N^o 2184.Tune : *To God on high all, &c.*

HER Lord in th' Garden *Mary* met, Turning, in sad Condition ; Streightway she clings about his Feet, Maugre all Opposition ; She hugs and kisses, loth to part, With a poor Sinner's melted Heart The Feet she'd drench'd with Weeping.

2 How must that Heart be overjoy'd, Who has of Christ a Vision ! Myself to Death I've almost cry'd, After the Side's Incision. But should the Lamb once standing be Before my Eyes, O Dearest me ! What should I do ? I know not.

3 Should ever this again be so, That we in Body view him ; If his dear Cross's Church ev'n now In such a Nearness knew him ; Who in his Body would have Pow'r Still to abide another Hour, And not fly in the Side's Hole.

4 Yet O ! when sacramentally, Thro' Soul and Body going, * He marriage-like embraces me, My Soul

and Body flowing : 'Tis then I have my Husband near As near as I can have him here, And nearer much than *Mary*.

* *In the Lord's Supper.*

5 With Gladness in my Corner here, About the Feet I'm twisting Of my Hearts loveliest Saviour dear, Them with Abasement kissing ; And with that Heart, Beloved *John*, I am myself reclining on My Husband's Heart in Spirit.

6 To hold in Spirit, Body, Soul, With Jesus Conversation ; In Bride and Bridegroom thro' the whole Diffuses Delectation : One pace we keep ; the Wounds aspect Does me from Hour to Hour direct Into my Husband's Side's Hole.

46.

Germ. N^o 2294.Tune : *Ave, my Husband dear.*

HIS dear Apostles all, (As b'liev'd in general) Did as to-day agree, Out of their Nest to flee ; Twelve Birds in Cross's Air, Who thy Arch-Heralds are, Thou Wound-Holes

Holes Church so dear!
They fled so prettily In
ev'ry Country : God blefs
their Journey.

2 But whither did they
go ? For there is none does
know. Two or three are
all, (Who *Thomas! Tho-*
mas! bawl, A wretched
Company) Who Witnesses
can be. And O! I wish
they were St. *Thomas* Hearts
so dear, And did both feel
and hide Deep in the
Lamb's Side!

3 Since one no Know-
ledge hath Of the Apo-
stles' Path, Or whether on
this Day, Or on another,
they Good Gentlemen did
part, Thro' ev'ry Land to
dart; I too a Matter know.
Just seven Years ago, We
such a Parting bore Out
of our Choir and Door, To
Moor and Tescarore.

4 God b'w'ye! when
leaving Home, When we
return, Welcome! This
since the blessed Hour, That
we ourselves gave o'er,
Since in our Musick-Choirs
The Lamb heard our De-
sires, " That we would fain
" be sent To Isle and
" Continent;" Has twelve

times now been so; God
b'w'ye! when we go, Wel-
come back! also.

5 We cannot other chuse,
But thank Thee, Pilgrim-
Spouse! And tho' no Wit-
nesses Thy Blood and
Wounds did grace, And by
the Spirit led, Thro' all
the World had spread :
Yet still Thou wouldst abide
A quite sufficient Guide,
To all the Swarms one sees
Of pretty Cross-Air Bees.
Ave! Thee we praise.

47.

Germ. N^o 1937, ver. 2.

Tune: *How is my Heart, &c.*

HOW well for me!
that Jesu's Sweat
Hath with its Vapour full
of Heat My Body thro'ly
wetted; That from the Side
I've sprinkled been, That
this Cave's Happiness is
mine, My Soul thereto ad-
mitted. Now knows My
Spouse Nought to answer,
Me to hinder, That I kiss
him, Hold his Feet, and
not dismiss him.

48.

Germ. N^o 1856.Tune: *Thou whom thron'd in
Heaven we know.*

JESUS Christ, God's dear-
est Lamb, Full of Wounds
and Torments, Holy God
and sweet Bridegroom! O
what happy Moments

2 Have we by the Wound-
holes near, In thy Congre-
gation? Better, than that
Side shrine dear, Is no Ha-
bitation.

3 God's dear Lamb in
Purple dy'd, In his Figure
bloody 'Midst us walks,
and shews his Side To the
Church his Body.

4 One can ne'er express
it right; Better is the Feel-
ing, And to play in this
Grace-Light, 'Fore him
childlike dealing.

5 Pain would I pourtray
this clear; But instead at
present, I can at this Blood-
red Star Only greet in-
cessant,

6 His four Holes in
Hands and Feet, Where
the Nails had Entrance;
And thou Side! have Glo-
ry great For thy bloody
Penance.

7 Where not one Scul

did appear, Which not thee
resisted, Now some hun-
dred Sinners are In one
Flock enlisted.

8 Jesus our Lord special,
Of both Worlds all over,
And of th' Church is Ge-
neral, In this Time, and
ever.

49.

Germ. N^o 2266.Tune: *Most worthy Spirit, &c.*

JESUS the Child un-
common Joy does find,
So does his Church (that's
always of his Mind) When
the little Children 'Fore
them are playing; They're
well content, if Babes are
but bewraying Their child-
like Heart.

2 The Man, whose Smarts
reward these small ones are,
He sends his Angels them
to guard and bear; Who
amidst their Pastimes And
their whole Nonage, Faith-
fully keep them from all
Hurt and Damage: He
watches too.

3 He from the Children
no great Things demands,
But only that the Prints in
Feet and Hands, And the
bloody Side-Hole Should

to divert them, That they
their Hearts to him who did
impart them, Daily de-
vote.

4 Therefore the Church
their Thoughts with no-
thing fills, And nothing else
into their Hearts infills,
But that all the Wound-
Holes Be their sole Plea-
sure, So that they love his
Bruises beyond Measure,
Unspeakingly :

5 So tenderly, that when
a Child but thinks, Or hears
thereof, into its Heart it
sinks ; Which at the Lamb's
Beauty And Form so bloo-
dy, The Bruises, Wounds,
and Sores, does in its Body
Exulting leap.

6 So have the Children
found it hitherto ; And
when such a dear Child in
Years doth grow, Then
grows in and on him The
Cross's Nature, And he
proceeds unto the Lamb's
full Stature, From Step to
Step.

7 A Childlikeness does
in the Heart abide, And
tender Love for Jesu's bleed-
ing Side : Yet one can find
also, Their childish play-
ing And all their childlike
Manners are betraying So-
lidity.

8 Still more Acquaint-
ance with the Lamb they

find ; The Mother trains
them up to her own Mind ;
And the loving Father, Who
first did chuse them, Pre-
pares them so, that he can
also use them In the Lamb's
Church.

9 Their Heart remain-
eth Childlike still, and low,
Lower than Babies by Na-
ture we e'er know ; The
Lamb gives moreover Grace
and Discretion, When to be
grave ; and that in the
Proportion Of new De-
grees.

50.

Germ. N°. 2224.

Tune : *Whene'er him I can eat*

I Little Worm so poor,
Quite spoil'd thro' Sin
and stained, Yet by my
Lamb's red Gore And
bloody Sweat regained ;
Now stand before his Feet,
Just as I feel I am, For
my Election greet the Nail-
prints of the Lamb.

2 When I thy Kindness
weigh, How Nails and
Scourges tore thee, My
Price and Debt to pay, I
melt in Tears before thee :
It goes thro' Flesh and
Bone, Nor can ought make

E 2

me

me glad, But that which does
attone, The Blood to save
me shed.

3 My Heart's inflam'd
to thee, With Sinner's Love
affected; I'm known by
thee I see, And hence to
thee attracted Within; yet
feel I, Lamb! Something
does still remain, Which
gives me real Shame And
puts my Heart to Pain.

4 If I no Sinner were,
Nor thy dear Wounds had
tasted, Did not thy Heart
appear Open, and mani-
fested; I could not bear
the Weight, But sink o'er-
power'd here, As a Bird
faints outright When robb'd
of needful Air.

5 But chearful am I thus
In Shame and deep Abase-
ment; Comes ought which
would accuse, My Heart
inclines incessant, Instead
of Reasoning, Myself and
all to lose In the Blood's
Well, wherein All Sinners
find Repose.

6 A Cross-Air-Bird to be,
Is my thrice happy Station;
Into the Nest I flee, And
by Blood's Radiation I see
my Husband's Heart, Who
nothing can but love: And
this in all my Smart, My
new Bliss still does prove.

7 Thy Wounds and ev'ry
Scar, My only Joy remain-
eth; The bloody Sweat-
drops are That which my
Heart sustaineth: I'm in
thy Side, my Lamb, So
well, that I reflect, *If I,*
or *where* I am, And scarce
can recollect.

8 Adorable Side's Rent,
And ye four Nails Incisions!
Ye make my Bed and Tent,
And Table and Provisions,
At Home and on the Road;
Have therefore Thanks and
Praise, Thou Side Hole!
my Abode Thou shalt re-
main always.

9 Lamb! Thousand
Thanks have Thou For
this Predestination; Nought
but thy Wounds, thereto
Gave me the Invitation: I
now am thy Reward, The
Philadelphia Tone Eter-
nally, my Lord! My Joy
shall be alone.

10 I pray thee for my
Plan, Whereto I am ap-
pointed; Let me poor Dust
remain, And yet with Pow'r
Anointed; A Childlike
Mind impart, Whereon
Blood sprinkled is; So shall
my Poor frail Heart, Not
easily transgress.

51.

Germ. N^o 1984.

Tune: *How is my Heart with,*
&c.

IN Spirit I behold my Lamb, As he from Torment's Furnace came With Wounds quite fresh engraven: There, there the pierced Hands I view, The Nail-Holes in his dear Feet too, I see the *Pleura's* Haven. I am In them, Like as *Thomas*, *Quem rō Σῶπα τῶ Κυεῖς Certum fecerat τῶ Οἷο.* (Proof to whom was Of his Godhead, To touch the Lord's Body wound-ed.)

2 To Thee, O Lamb, I call aloud! Unto thy Side's so dear Abode Thy Dove belongs already; That Gash, for me it has been made, Of this not just a Thought I've had, It is my Faith most steady. I feel so well; Without caring, Hidden therein, Whilst I'm cleaving To this Place, it never leaving.

3 The Hands which have thro'-bored been, Upon them I my Name have seen, As if it was engraven: For

such a Grace I do them kiss, They shall a little Bath for this Of Love-Tears be receiving. Take me, Truly Bear me ever, Leave me never, Hands be-loved! Lead me thro' till all is proved.

4 I lay my Mouth upon each Foot, (For these a humble Kiss I've got,) Where Nails made the Impression: The Happiness is to me clear, Which purchas'd was for me ev'n there, This is with me no Question. I may go, stay, All is weighty, And I'm ready, Earth and Ocean Thro' to traverse at thy Motion.

5 O Head with Thorns so pierced too! O Breast, with Blood so sweated thro'! I stand, the Drops I'm getting. Ah Drops proceeding from the Lash, Which tore thy Back with many a Gash! Ah, trickling Tears, Cheeks wetting! What can I then Else be thinking, But of sinking, Lamb so bloody! Before thee with Soul and Body.

6 And thereby burns and flames the Heart, Perceives and feels Love's tender Smart, Which cannot be expressed. I fain would thank thee inwardly; But what

what are we, and what am
I? My Will for Deed be
placed. My Mind Will find
And feel truly corporally
The wide Sluices Of thy
Wounds, and all thy
Bruises.

52.

Germ. N^o 2307.

Tune: *What does a Bird in, &c.*

IN such a right Good-
Friday's Frame, As if
the Spear's Thrust in the
Lamb The Soldier but this
Day had made, And I from
Morn till Night had staid
With him on *Golgotha*; As
if our *Jehovah* Still bodily
hung on the Wood, And
I like *John* and *Mary*
view'd; As if that Tor-
rent Flow'd plashing down
this very Day, And foam-
ing (bloody) like the Sea*,
And I should sit so happi-
ly Beneath, till all was red
round me: The Lamb pre-
serve this Vision, Till I
can kiss th' Incision.

* *Particularly upon the Ca-
ribbee Coasts.*

53.

From the German.

After the Lord's-Supper,
Oct. 7, 1747.

In the same Tune.

I Still perceive the Mar-
riage-Kiss, Dear Hearts!
I feel; but how it is, Now
my dear Husband me has
kiss'd, Cannot in Words be
well express'd. He kiss'd
me, O! so deep, I should
be still asleep, Had not the
Well of the Side's Hole
Been open'd, and upon my
Soul And Body flooded:
This wak'd me in the Sup-
per sweet, Where I my
Husband's Flesh did eat;
This did my Tabernacle
raise; And I already want
the Days To be again so
blessed, So kiss'd and so
embraced.

2 Thy Husband's-Kiss
on me impress'd, Hath from
my Eyes this Day express'd
Of happy Tears a stream-
ing Tide; My Symbol is,
my Side, my Side! Deep,
deep in the Side's Hole,
Respires my little Soul:
And says, O my beloved
one! I feel my Marrow
and my Bone Still weak
and

and tender ; Help me then, kissest me, I shall once fly
O Blood from the Side, quite into thee : And then
That my Soul in me may my Brethren see me No
abide, For if thou oft so more in their Assembly.

54.

Germ. N° 1895.

Te Patrem.

FIRST CHOIR.

SECOND CHOIR.

LORD God ! thy
Praise we sing.

Father ! our Thanks we
bring.

He who's the Church's God
alone,

Is gladly honour'd of his
own.

The Angels Host, and all
who raise

The Son Creator's glorious
Praise,

The Cherubim and Seraphs
Cloud,

Lift up their Voice and
sing aloud :

B. { O Holy *Father*, God !
Of th' God of Sabaoth,
(Who is all the World's God)
(And his dear Christians, God !

Tune: *The Saviour's Blood and Righteousness.*

1. Thy divine Glory and
thy Pow'r

Shines thro' the Son the
World all o'er.

The Twelve, whom thy
Son his did call,

Have known and nam'd
Thee first of all.

2. The worthy Martyrs
Death endur'd,

Of thy Election well as-
sur'd.

The

The four and twenty Elders cry,

Abba! Abba! continually.

3 The four, who rest not
Night nor Day,

As well to *Thee* due Honour pay,

As *Him*, who's on the Mount
the Lamb,

And *Him*, who moves in
sev'nfold Flame.

4 The Lamb's Church
join'd invisibly,

Praiseth the Holy Trinity
The holy blessed Trinity :|:

5 To love the World thou
wert so bent,

That thy Heart yielded its
Consent,

To venture to Death's Cru-
elties

Thy Son, the Pleasure of
thy Eyes :

6 That Thou all, who on
him believe,

Might'st in thy Family re-
ceive.

But thou lesteft him not a-
lone,

No, Thou didst always help
him on ;

7 And since twelve Legi-
ons he refus'd,

To free him, when mock'd
and abus'd,

Efore his Death ; Thou
didst them send

His glorious Entry to at-
tend,

8 When, after Victory com-
plete,

Above all Heav'ns he took
his Seat :

And as He came to thy
right Hand,

Thou took'st the Battle's
sole Command,

9 Thou drew'st the Sword ;
and keep'st it bare,

Till all the Devils his Foot-
stool are ;

Till Death and Hell abo-
lish'd are,

And Life's triumphant ev'ry
where.

10 While now thy Son takes
his Repose,

And thy Arm all Things
for him does ;

So help thy Heroes, Lord
our God!

Who're consecrated with
his Blood.

11 Help the Flock of thy
Christ divine,

Bless all, of which he saith,
That's mine :||:

12 O tend and aid them
ev'ry Way,

And with a pow'rful Guard
convey.

The whole Salvation of thy
Son,

And all his Vict'ries, make
our own.

13 Daily, O Father! praif-
eth Thee

Christ Jesu's chosen Pro-
perty,

That Thou thy Bosom-
Child hast laid

Bare in the Bosom of a
Maid:

14 That of his Flesh and
Bone, his Bride,

A faithful Father Thou'lt
abide:

That th' Holy Ghost, thy
Consort, Thou

Intrust'st to train her up
hereto:

15 That the Angels, who
her attend,

On Thee too most in wait-
ing stand:

B. { That Thou wilt be the Priest, when he
{ Shall to his Creature marry'd be.

55.

Germ. N^o 1896.

Te Matrem.

FIRST CHOIR.

SECOND CHOIR.

L ORD God! thy
Praise we sing.

O Spirit! Thanks we
bring.

Thee, God Mother eter-
nally,

The Church adores in Unity.
All

All Angels, and the heav'n-
ly Host,

And who of the Son's Ho-
nour boast,

The Cherubim and Seraphs
Cloud

Exalt Thee too, and sing
aloud :

B. { O God the *Holy Ghost*,
Who from the Father flow'st :
Who God the Saviour land'st,
(And him God Maker call'st !

1 Thy Might divine and
Doctrine's Pow'r

Hath Millions to the Lamb
snatch'd o'er.

The blest Apostles Com-
pany,

All that they were, they
were by Thee.

2 Thou didst inspire the
Martyrs Tongues.

In the last Gasp to raise
their Songs.

The Holy blessed Trini-
ty

Doth speak with Christen-
dom by Thee.

3 Thou the Petitions fit
dost make,

And bring'st thereto the
Amen back.

That the four rest not Day
nor Night,

Not one could do without
thy Might.

4 The four and twenty
crowned Kings,

Faithful approv'd in small-
est Things,

Who now o'er much are
Rulers made,

Cry, Holy ! Holy ! thro'
thy Aid.

5 God, Mother of the
Churches all, ::

God Father's Consort eter-
nal, ::

6 The Virgin's Womb was
not too base

For that Holy Conception's
Place,

On which she did new bear
the Son,

Who was all Beings Father
known :

Him to the Plan Thou
guided hast,

And then, ('cause with him
it went hard)

Now, Mother! help thy
Children's Train,

Self-Holiness help to de-
clare

Help thy Flock, Holy
Ghost! we pray,

O nurse and cherish them
always

O Daily, O Mother! praise
thy Name,

That Thou dost fill with
Gospel-Sound

11 That Thou the Cap-
tains of thy Croud

That Thee we Mediator
claim

12 That Thou bring'st to
the Father near

That Thou the Prophets
dost ordain,

13 That Thou Lamb's
Priests dost consecrate,

That Thou the marry'd and
single Train

Where the Accuser he did
cast,

Was of both Parties Judge
declar'd.

Whom Thou for Service
didst ordain.

A Dream and Nonsense,
far and near.

Whenever they the Lamb
pourtray.

With the Lamb's Blood and
Righteousness.

All who themselves give to
the Lamb,

The Earth's whole Com-
pafs all around :

Learn't to march 'fore the
Witness-Cloud :

Of our Communion with
the Lamb :

All, who with thy Breath
favour'd are :

And Gifts and Wonders to
them deign :

Their Censers fill't with In-
cense sweet :

Dost hallow for thy Tem-
ples clean :

14 B. { That when He comes in Majesty,
Thou'lt fasten on the Sign our Eye. :|:|:

56.

Germ. No 1897.

Te Jehovah.

FIRST CHOIR.

SECOND CHOIR.

L ORD God ! thy
Praise we sing.

God *Son* ! our Thanks we
bring.

Creator Thou of Creatures
all,

By Nature art God gene-
ral.

Hence Thee with Honour
due to God,

All heav'nly Hosts and An-
gels laud,

The Cherubim and Seraphs
Cloud,

And we with them do sing
aloud :

B. { Thou'rt *Numen Gentium*, *
And the *Ens Entium*, §
And th' *Causa Causarum* ! †
The acting God, in Sum.

* *That great Spirit, (as the Heathens speak.)* § *Being of*
Beings (as the Philosophers speak.) † *Cause of all Things.*

1 Thy divine Pow'r and
Majesty

The Heathen by the Crea-
tures see :

But the Apostles saw it
shine

In those majestic Wounds
of thine ;

2 And then the Martyrs
slain for thee,

Confess'd it all in Har-
mony.

All Christendom does ho-
nour thee,

The Father of Eternity.

3 The four and twenty Elo-
him

Their Head know duly to
esteem,

Wh'as well on Ages-Throne
reclines,

As in a bleeding Lamb's
Form shines.

4 The Four, who're Day
and Night employ'd,
No Angel is so bold and
rash,

5 Thy Father, God in the
Abyss,
And that I this in Words
express,

6 Thy all-creating Pow'r
has made
And Mankind hast Thou
form'd beside,

7 And when they lost these
Graces fair,
Thou from th' Eternities
cam'st here

8 The Sp'rit a Maid o'er-
shadowing,
And then lay in *Præse-*
pio, *

* *In the Manger.*

9 A Child so naked, that
a Stone
So strange, that one dropt
in the Street,

10 Yet all with such a Pa-
nick fill'd,
That Jesus, whose Birth
caus'd such Dread,

11 Terror thy Cradle did
attend :

Are with *Jehovah* occu-
py'd.

But quakes at thy *Shem-*
hamphorash *.

* *Unutterable Name.*

Hath then begot Thee, sure
it is ;

Non erat, ubi non eras *.

* *No Moment can be conceived,
when Thou didst not exist.*

The Heav'n, and Earth's
Foundation laid.

For thy own Image and thy
Bride.

Thou didst in a new Form
appear,

Into Time's narrow, bound-
ed Sphere :

She Thee as Jesus forth did
bring ;

Abi-ad, El-gibbor, Shiloh †,

† *The Everlasting Father, the
mighty God, the Prince of Peace.*

Its poor Condition might
bemoan,

Could sooner with an Own-
er meet,

That thro' whole Countries
Babes were kill'd,

Be found without Fail
'mongst the Dead.

Terror thy Doctrine did de-
fend :

F

Ter-

Terror all Nature did go
thro',

12 O Thou whom all
Worlds God we own,
This to the World thy
Thund'ring shews,

13 What Thou transactest
here with thine,
That more than ever shall
appear,

14 But when, by th' World
turn'd upside down,
When in the Clouds thy
Sign appears,

15 When Rocks and Moun-
tains Caves deny ;

16 And see the Godhead
plenteously,
That we from its majestic
Light

17 B. { Till Christ's shall to Christ be gone,
She b'lieves in God her Flesh and Bone :||:

When Thou thy Head didst
dying bow.

Both by the World and thy
Folk known !

But thy Folk by the Nail-
prints knows.

While on thy Throne Thou
dost recline,

Where Villages of Chri-
stians are.

Thy Coming for to judge
is shown,

And the World seeks for
Rocks with Tears,

We Doves in at the Win-
dows fly, :||:

Which so much dazzled
here our Eye,

Took deep into the Wounds
our Flight.

57.

Germ. 1898.

The Te Agnum.

FIRST CHOIR.
L ORD God ! thy
Praise we sing.

SECOND CHOIR.
Lamb ! Thee our Thanks
we bring.

As God's *Son* from Eternity,

Th' whole Universe does honour Thee.

As Son of Man in Time,
Thee blest

Thy Folk with inliest Tenderness.

All Angels and the heav'nly Pow'rs,

And whoe'er *Jehovah* adores,

The Cherubim and Seraphs
Cloud,

And we with them do sing aloud :

B. { Thou God's unspotted *Lamb*,
Blest Bridegroom without Blame,
Who out of the Throne came,
And took the Human Frame !

1 Thy Pow'r divine and Majesty

Goes far above the Earth and Sky.

The holy twelve Apostles Choir,

Together with all Prophets dear,

2 And all the Martyrs Company

With joyful Shouts, Lord ! honour Thee.

All Christendom does yield Thee Praise,

And lauds Thee here on Earth always.

3 The Four, who Day nor Night Rest know,

Have constantly with Thee to do.

The twenty - four Lords round the Throne,

Do gladly your due Honour own :

4 The Father in the Father's-Throne ;

Also his true and only Son ;

The Spirit Comforter well known :

In the Lamb's Person it is done.

5 O King of Glory, Christ the Lord !

Thou'rt God's own Son, th' eternal Word :

Yet didst not scorn the Vir-
gin's Womb,

6 Thou hast laid Death's
Dominion waste,

At God's right Hand thou
sitt'st, O Lord!

7 Thou shalt appear the
Judge of all,

A. Both quick and dead, both great and small.

8 Now help thy Servants,
Lord our God!

Let us with all the Saints in
Bliss

9 Lord Jesus! help thy
Flock, and bless

Nourish and feed them gra-
ciously,

10 Keep us by Virtue of
thy Blood

Be gracious to us, Lord,
our God!

11 Shew unto us thy Mer-
cy free,

In Thee we trust, dear
Lord and Lamb!

12 Daily, Lord God! we
honour thee,

That Thou the Book from
th' Father tak'st,

Mankind to ransom from
their Doom:

And hast thy Church in the
World plac'd:

Co-equal and alike ador'd,

Both Quick and Dead, both
great and small. :|:

Who're ransom'd by thy
precious Blood:

Partake of endless Happi-
ness.

Thy Heritage, thy chosen
Race:

Exalt them in Eternity.

From Love and Acts of Sin,
O God!

Be gracious to us in all
Need.

As we do hope and look to
Thee.

O let us ne'er be put to
Shame.

And praise thy Office trem-
blingly:

And its seven Seals open
break'st:

13 That

13 That Thou vouchsafest
to proclaim

And sealest them secure and
free

14 That the dear Robe of
Righteousness

O'er us thy People thy own
Name:

From Sin and earthly Mi-
fery:

Is in thy Blood renew'd al-
ways:

B. { That thou wilt ever of thy Bride,
The Temple, Light and Lamb abide.

58.

Germ. N^o 2281.

Lovely Side-Hole! dear-
est Side-Hole! Sweet-
est Side-Hole, made for me.
O my most beloved Side-
Hole! I wish to be lost in
Thee. O my dearest Side's
Hole! Thou art to my
Bride-Soul The most dear
and loveliest Place; *Pleu-
ra's* Space! Soul and Body
in thee pass. :|:

59.

From the German.

Lovely Side-Hole, take
in me, :|: Let me
ever be in Thee. O Side-
hole's Wound! my Heart
and Soul Does pant for thy
so lovely Hole. Lovely

Side-Hole, take in me,
Lovely Side-Hole! And let
me ever be in Thee. :|: If
I once securely sit In the
bleeding Side-Hole's Slit, :|:
O then I for ever dwell, In
this lovely *Pleura's* Cell.
O then I, &c. :|:

60.

Tune: *Brought to the Birth, &c.*

MY dearest Lamb! I
thank thee now With
ever-melted Heart, That
thy pale Corpse was pierced
thro' In its most inward
Part. For there thy Church
so centrally, So humanly
unites with Thee, The Pos-
tulum she in this Finds
for her perfect Bliss.

2 Thou hast then thy
redeemed Race As near
Thee as thou wilt; They're
led into their destin'd Place,

F 3

When

When once absolv'd from
Guilt; Around and thro'
them flows the Blood, That
chiefest, awful, active Good,
And that same Jesu's Heart
which dy'd, Talks inly
with his Bride.

3 Now shall that holy
Liturgy Which from the
Side - Hole sounds, Thy
Flesh and Bone's Religion
be: The Leaven of thy
Wounds Shall in the Spirit's
Hand dilate Itself to ev'ry
Soul and State: And Abba
bring by Government, Him-
self and Thee Content.

4 I thank Thee for the
Grace hereto, Which is al-
ready shewn; I thank thee
that the Minutes go, And
that the Work is done. I
am not able to inspect Our
God's great Plan with In-
tellect; But this I feel, eter-
nally It stands, and takes
in me.

61.

*A Conference with the
Lamb upon the dear-
est Side-Hole.*

Germ. N^o 2305.

Tune: *What does a Bird, &c.*

MY dearest, most be-
loved Lamb! I, who

in tenderest Union am To
all thy Cross's - Air - Birds
bound, Smell to and kiss
each Corpse's-Wound; Yet
at the Side - Hole's Part,
There pants and throbs my
Heart. I see still, how the
Soldier fierce Did thy most
lovely Pleura pierce, That
dearest Side Hole! Be
prais'd, O God, for this
Spear's Slit! I thank thee,
Soldier, too for it. I've
lick'd * this Rock's Salt
round and round; Where
can such Relish else be
found! In this Point, at
this Season, The Side has
stole my Reason.

* 1 John i. 1.

2 Yet, you dear Hearts!
I've more to sing; I am a
little happy Thing; And
own this Side Hole's Print
of his Election's only Rea-
son is: This tells me the
Mamma, Mother * of Jo-
shua: The very Instant with
this Thrust, Hallelujah!
then out I burst. We praise
the Side-Hole. Does not
the Babe that little Thing
Gladly around its Mammy
cling? Therefore I cling
so round the Side, Which
does my Place, my House
abide, My Board and Bed to
lie in; There vent I many a
Sighing.

* *The Holy Ghost, Luke i. 35.*

3 Ye Wounds! You all
I greatly prize, But yet
this one attracts my Eyes:
I kiss you all most inward-
ly, And also Cross's-Air-
Birdly; Yet one to me is
so, *Arrbeta Sentio* *: On
my Lambs Corpse the fa-
vourite Part, 'Tis mine,
'tis mine! Yes, mine thou
art! How shall I call thee?
Thou Rock-Grott in the
Lamb so dear! Side, Where
a thousand Beauties are;
Here are my Meals both
first and last, I eat and
drink a full Repast, Till
all my own Existence, Is
in one Side's-Consistence.

* *I feel unutterable Things.*

4 What does a Cross's-
Air Bird do When from
the Body it will go? At
first it grows a little Ill;
The Doctor's Potion or his
Pill, Or Powders he may
sift, To take it makes a
Shift: Yet thinks at length,
I still will go, Still in my
Lamb's dear Side I'll flow,
That's my Place dearest.
Mean time my Body you'll
convey, Where all our Bo-
dies Mafs you lay; Of my
dear Lamb I shall be sure
To get again this Body
poor, Which th' Soul
with Expedition, Brings to
the Side's Incision.

62.

Germ. N^o 1974.

Tune: *Thou whom thron'd &c.*

MY dear Hearts! you
sing and praise Ev'ry
Wound's Impression; Let
me keep the Side-Hole's
Space In my Heart's Pos-
session.

2 When I look upon my
Lamb, Then this dear In-
cision Sparkles with its lo-
ving Flame So into my Vi-
sion,

3 That on nothing scarce
but it I my Eyes can fas-
ten, And unto the Pleura's
Slit Straight to go must
hasten.

4 'Tis to me so very
dear, I'm therein remain-
ing: But Oh! at this Side-
Hole are Thousand Archers
aiming.

5 Hit the Mark, and hit
it well, I shall grudge it
never. Go yourselves into
this Cell, That's to me a
Favour.

63.

Germ. N^o 2185.

Tune: *To God on high all, &c.*

MY Husband, my dear
spousal Man, My
Heart

Heart for me so bleeding !
I love as well as Lover
can, With Smart from Love
proceeding ; I think I love
especially The Blood-Sweat
in thy Agony, And above
all the Side Hole.

2 As God, our great
Arch-brother kind, Atoned
for his Creature ; That Peo-
ple too came in his Mind,
Which thence should get its
Nature : There stood a Wo-
man and a Man, Whom
from the Cross he look'd
upon, And saw his Church
in Spirit.

3 As afterwards he fell
asleep, (*Adam* the Lord from
Heaven) Out of his Side,
(His Heart pierc'd deep)
The Church-Swarm forth
was driven. Millions of
human Spirits they were,
Who his Bride-Church to-
gether are, Whom one Day
he will marry.

4 When he was risen from
the Grave, He had this full
Intention, His new created
Wife should have Of him
Manifestation. By rights
there should five Hundred
be, But one poor Heart came
in, and she Was first to be
attended.

5 My Husband, who hast
wedded me Upon the Cross!
be blessed, That with sweet
Familiarity Thou'lt always

such embraced, As I and
Mary are ; indeed | We are
poor Sinners full of Need,
Yet are we, what ? Thy
own Hearts.

64.

From the German:

Tune : *Lovely Side-hole, &c.*

MY short Aspiration
this is, My Side-
Hole ! Good-fryday-ly :
In there, says my Doctrine's
Thesis, Flesh and Soul go
bodily : And my Song, (*quam
suave ! **) Little Side-Hole,
Ave ! And my Essence,
Sinner poor, Whom th' Side
bore ; The Lamb forms me
such all o'er.

* *How sweet !*

65.

Tune : *Ave, my Husband dear.*

MY Side-hole ! O how
near, How lovely
and how dear Art thou to
Sinner-Hearts, Who the
Lamb's Body's Parts From
Head to Foot embrace.
Each of us hath this Mind,
To be in thee confin'd : We
know not where to dwell,
But

But in the Side-hole's Well.
Deep into thy Hole, Side-
Shrine ! flies my Soul.

2 When all the pretty
Things Which have got
little Wings, In the sweet
Cross's Air Which is se-
rene and fair, Round the
Lamb's Body move ; When
by them it is kiss'd ; I
like not to be miss'd, And
they acknowledge me One
of their Company. There-
fore I sing loud With the
Side hole's Crowd :

3 O Side-hole full of
Grace ! Thou art my love-
ly Place, The Womb where-
in I lay, Till Blood and
Water play'd Out of thy
Fountain's Mouth. I feel
Thou art my Home, From
Thee I came, and come
To Thee continually, Nay
I am hid in Thee. Glory
(sings the Bride) Glory to
the Side !

66.

Germ. N^o 1853.

Tune : *Teach me yet more of thy
blest Ways.*

NO Drop of Tears
shall the mean while
Out of thy Bottle fall,
Where Thou, O Father,

carefully Numbrest and
keep'st them all.

2 Think not on all our
Toil and Sweat, But think
that Jesus dy'd, To whom
his Travels due Reward
Can be no more deny'd.

67.

From the German.

Tune : *Wbene'er him I can eat.*

NOW rests my whole
Mind on In one
Nook of the Side-Hole,
And dreams of Blood alone:
Sometimes it as a wide Hall,
Sees that small Side-hole
Slit ; Sometimes so close
and deep, As if each Heart
in it Alone did lie and
sleep.

68.

Tune : *Bloody Reconciler.*

NOW will I like
Mary My best Spices
carry To my Master's
Tomb ; Now his Corpse
I'll visit, Now in Spirit
kiss it, Now my Sabbath's
come. But alas ! what
Spices has My poor Heart,
save Tears and Crying,
Love-

Love-Sick Throbs and Sighing.

2 Lo! methinks his Body, There stretch'd out and bloody, Lifeless I behold : Yes, I view him yonder, O I weep and wonder O'er him dead and cold. Deep and wide I see his Side, Great blue Wounds on ev'ry Member See I without Number.

3 All the Signs of Dour In the Form and Colour Of the Lamb are seen: Yet on his pale Features, Love to all his Creatures Sparkles yet more plain ; Smiles yet grace that bruised Face, Ev'ry Wound and his whole Posture Shine with Lamblike Lustre.

4 Back, the Scourges plow'd ! Side, whence Blood - Streams flowed ! Hands and Feet and Head, Lips, where Death so hover'd, Now with Paleness cover'd ! Cheeks depriv'd of red ! Broken Eyes ! sprain'd Arms and Thighs ! On you all I gaze ashamed, Weeping while ye're named.

5 O most loving Saviour ! Grant me yet one Favour, Give me Leave t' abide In thy sweet Embraces, Yea, in those torn Places Of thy

Hands and Side. O my Love ! ne'er bid me move, Till thy Sign to all the saved Shines, O Son of David.

6 Lord, make no long tarrying, Hasten thine appearing, And the Happy Hour Of thy second Advent, When thou com'st to Judgment, Girt about with Pow'r ; When from far in flaming Air We and all shall see thy *Pleura* : Come Lord ! Hallelujah.

69.

Germ. No 1863.

Tune : *Congregation, Christ's Relation.*

OF the Part of Jesu's Body, Which the Spear had pierced thro', Of the Hands and Feet so bloody, We in Spirit take a View,

2 Till we once can close caress them ; Till the Lamb shall bright appear. O how will we kiss and bless them ! Thou permitt'st us, Lamb so dear !

3 All our Toil and Labour ceases, Now our Sabbath is begun. Those torn Hands

Hands and Feet of Jesus
Ev'ry thing for us have
done ;

4 What for us to do re-
maineth, Is but easy, light,
and small : All the heaviest
Part sustaineth Our dear
Lamb, and does it all.

5 When thy Worms fur-
vey thy Labour, Oft thou
let'st it happen so, Some-
thing (out of Grace and
Favour) Thro' the Chil-
dren's Hands shall go.

6 Then the Sabbath long
expected For the lovely
Lamb shall come : And we
shall, for him elected, With
him ever be at Home.

7 Thou dost now thy
Rest inherit, Yet Thou seest
and bledest too, What thy
Father and thy Spirit In
thy Church's Matters do.

8 Both are still employ'd
in caring How to please
the Son and Lord ; His
Bride-Company preparing,
For his trav'ling Soul's Re-
ward.

9 Therefore busies the
dear Father His dear Heart
with many a Soul ; There-
fore operates the Mother
On the Hearts so power-
ful.

10 Hence one easily takes
Notice, When a Rain of
holy Blood, Thro' the Spi-
rit's priestly Office, Is on
a poor Soul bestow'd.

11 When the Flock once
meets together At the Sup-
per of the Lamb, Whom
he and his tender Father,
Marks already with his
Name ;

12 Then shall he the
Man of Sorrows, Rest our
Sinner-Host with him, And
some Thousands more, our
Fellows, In the great Mil-
lennium.

13 In the Side of the
dear Saviour, When the
Church's Times are free,
They shall rest ; for *That*
shall ever And alone the
Temple be.

*The Church's Prayer to her Father, See Part I.
Page 370, under the Title, The Lord's
Prayer.*

70.

Germ. N^o 1871.

The Church's Prayer to her Husband.

Tune: *Thou whom thron'd, &c.*

FIRST CHOIR.

SECOND CHOIR.

O Jehovah Elohim, Ever
bless'd and praised,
Of God's mighty Cheru-
bim,

B. *Thou God o'er all blessed!*

1 *Thy Name smells thro' all
thy House, When on us it
floweth:*

And indeed what is a Spouse,
Who no Bridegroom know-
eth?

2 *Keep thy Royal Seat and
Plan,*

Till thy Sire * hath con-
quer'd: And be ever like
the Man, Who for us was
slaughter'd.

* *Psal. cx.*

When the Body Thou
doest fill, Keeps a Church-
like Actum,

3 *Father! (only say) I
WILL; Then is Dictum,
factum*.*

* *sooner said than done.*

Comes the Flock by
Thee confest, To thy Sup-

4 *Pat*

per's Table;

4 *Put the Infants to the
Breast, Know the Marriage-
able.*

5 *Quickly rectify it:
Let thy Eye's Glance try
it.*

6 *From transformed Angels
Ways Let us be exempted;*

7 *Comes he near? Lamb!
cries the Bride, And with
Haste he goeth.*

Thou who'rt all in all
indeed, Ev'ry Being's Fa-
ther!

God, whom hers the
Church does call

Is ought that's the Fa-
ther's marr'd?
If the Mother is not heard;

Thou know'st, how this
Spirit base Thee hath try'd
and tempted.

Since Thou as a Lamb
hast dy'd, He his Judge
well knoweth:

Let us in thy dear Eyes
read Him, who is thy Fa-
ther.

For CHRIST's sake her
Brother,

*B. Be Thou once God all in all,
And the gen'ral Father.*

G

71.

71.

Germ. N^o 2276.Tune: *When'er him I can eat.*

O Maker of my Soul,
My ev'ry Hair's Creator!
O Thou, who mak'st
my Tears Of sweet and
joyful Nature! My Man-
hood's only Spouse, Prince
of my Ministry, Who hast
in all thy House The sole
Supremacy!

2 *El-gibbor* *, helpless
Worm! *Mixtura Inconfusa* †
Of human and divine! His
Mercy-Seat smites *Uzzah*;
His Censer *Aaron's* Seed,
And *Uzziah* does strike:
To his Corpse now accede,
And you'll be Jesus-like.

* *The mighty God.* † *Un-
confounded Mixture.*

3 Thou Reason's Laby-
rinth, Thou *Tobu Vehabo-
hu* † For the benighted
Troop Of Blood-Light-
shunning *Uhu* *; We Sin-
ners, who surround Thy
Side's dear Cavity, Agree
that in this Wound We'll
dwell eternally.

† *Chass.* * *Owls.*

4 Whereagonizing Blood
The reeking Earth did co-
ver, There each unlamblike
Thought I now inter for

ever. Henceforth I move
no where, Who am thy
Flesh and Bone, But in the
Atmosphere Of thy dear
Corpse alone.

72.

Tune: *Lovely Side-hole, &c.*

O My bleeding Media-
tor, O my Lamb! I
cannot rest, Thou my ev'ry
Hair's Creator, Thou must
hide me in thy Breast. 'Tis
my Destination, That my
Habitation Should be in
thy bleeding Side, There to
hide, And for ever to a-
bide.

2 When this in my Heart
I ponder, I feel something
strangely sweet; I am fill'd
with Joy and Wonder That
I may the Side-hole greet.
O! this lovely Palace Does
afford me solace: O! this
Side-hole is the Gate Small
and strait, Which does in-
to Life translate.

3 Love's-Smart will I
feel for ever, For the Side-
hole I'll be sick; Other
Matters whatsoever Shall
not to the Heart me prick.
O for ever blessed, Ne'er
enough caressed, Side-hole's
Cavity so deep! I will weep
After

After Thee, and in Thee
creep.

4 Dearest Side-hole! I
do covet Thy warm Blood
above all Things. O!
Thou art the most beloved
Of all other Wound-hole-
Springs. Side-hole's Blood,
bedew me! Cover and go
thro' me; Take thy Course
thro' all my Veins, Heart
and Reins, So that nought
unbath'd remains.

73.

Tune: Teach me yet more of, &c.

O My Dear Saviour!
when thy Cares, Thy
Toil for me I read;
My Eyes run down with
grateful Tears, And I bow
down my Head.

2 What am I, Lord!
that thou so much Didst
love and value me: Vile
Dust am I, and yet for such
Thou bar'st thy Misery.

3 How great a Mystery
and deep Is this, my lov-
ing God! That thou to
save a vile lost Sheep Didst
shed thy Tears and Blood.

4 O! this endears thy
Wounds to me, This makes
me prize thee so, Because
thou on the shameful Tree
My Curse did'st undergo.

5 I cannot hearken to
thy Word, or read thy Hi-
st'ry sweet, But a deep
Sense of my slain Lord,
O'ercomes me at thy Feet.

6 How, Lord, can it be
otherwise? How can I but
be mov'd? How can I but
with weeping Eyes Behold
how I am lov'd.

7 How can I view my
suff'ring Lamb, And see his
Wounds and Smart, And
not sink down in tender
Shame And bless him from
my Heart.

8 This, Lord! I do with
many Tears And quite as-
tonish'd own: Thy Stripes
and Grievs, and Shame,
and Pray'rs made me thy
pleasant Son.

9 Still be thy Wounds
to me more dear, More
precious ev'ry Day, Till
I at thy pierc'd Feet ap-
pear Drest in thy bright
Array.

10 Then prostrate will
I fall before That Body,
Lord, of thine; With Blood
and Wounds once cover'd
o'er, Yet sinless and di-
vine.

11 My Lips shall then
sincerely kiss Thy Wounds
and ev'ry Scar; And grate-
ful will I say, " My Bliss
" I poorest Dust found
" here."

G 2

12 While

12 While ev'ry Angel,
Throne and Pow'r, Thy
boundless Merit sounds, I'll
sing, and thankfully a-
dore My Saviour and his
Wounds.

74.

Tune: *What does a Bird in, &c.*

O My Heart's lovely Je-
sus dear! A clean
soft Bed for Thee prepare,
To rest Thyself within our
Heart, That we from Thee
may never part: That gush-
ing Crimson Tide Which
issued from thy Side, Be
that our Bath, and all thy
Blood Drown Heart and
Mind with all its Flood;
To the Side's Glory! Dear
Jesus! grant this our Re-
quest; Take hide us quite
within thy Breast, Lock us
within thy Wounds, and
keep Us happy in thy Arms
to sleep: For this End are
we formed, In thy Arms
to be warmed.

75.

Germ. N^o 2161.

Tune: *To God on high, &c.*

O NCE on a Sabbath's
early Dawn, While

others yet were sleeping,
Comes *Mary* by Love's
Power drawn, With other
two still weeping, To see
once more where *Rabbi* lies;
She did not think that he
would rise, She only would
bewail him.

2 She peeps into the Se-
pulchre, But he, alas!
was missing; Two Angels
did to her declare, That
her dear Lord was risen.
O! how it struck poor
Mary's Heart! She turn'd
about and full of Smart
Fell bitterly a weeping.

3 *Mary* was going in this
Smart, The Thing did
much oppress her, Because
she took it deep to Heart:
At once the Lamb did face
her; She thinking him the
Gardener, Ask'd him, where
is my *Rabbi*, where? And
Lo! 'twas he in Person.

4 *Mary*! he calls; a
greeting this! Her spark-
ling Eyes she raises, *My*
Lord, she crys, (her Tongue
loose is) I must here give
Thee kisses: Nay, saith the
Lamb, don't kiss me here,
But go and tell my Bre-
thren dear, That thou thy-
self hast seen me.

5 She can obedient be,
she goes: But I would not
have moved; As creeps the
Snail into its House, So in
his

his Side beloved I would have slid, quite hastily; He should not so get rid of me, No Reason would persuade me.

6 To see, feel, hear, and by him stand, And even have the Favour To pry into his Side, and Hands! I could not bear't, O Saviour! Should I hear this, or see such Sight, My Soul from Body would take Flight; Who would, might tarry longer.

76.

Germ. N^o 2295.

In the same Tune.

ONCE on a Time a Man there was, A Saint whose Name was *Martin*, Concerning whom *Severus* says, Satan came to him darting As Lightning quick, and bright array'd; "I am thy Jesus" dear, he said, Me thou "wilt surely worship.

2 *Martin* looks straight towards his Side, No Side-Hole met his Vision: Let me, says he, in Peace abide, Thou hast no Side's Incision, Thou art the Devil, my good Friend! The

Place where Jesu's Sign does stand, Blindfold I could discover.

3 The same's the Case ev'n at this Day With Jesu's Congregation: For Larks who round his Body play, Have of his Wounds Sensation; Because our dear incarnate God Will with his Wounds as Man be view'd, Be felt, and so believ'd on.

77.

Tune: My God, thou seest them flying.

ONE Thing my Heart engages In sweet Prefaces: That Jesus 'midst the Ages Now gains a Flock. This Thought each Grief asswages, Which else would shock. He'll lead thro' happy stages (Tho' Satan rages) The Sinners, who're his Wages; What safe Bank-stock!

78.

Germ. N^o 2174.

Tune: To God on high, &c.

ONE truly hears much singing now Of
G 3 Wounds

Wounds and Cicatrices, Of
Blood, and Grace, Re-
demption too, Sinners and
Sinneresses; Of that sweet
Look which *Thomas* got,
Of *Mary Magdalen's* happy
Lot, When she beheld her
Master.

2 'Tis true, I'd rather
down have fall'n, Like
Mary silent view'd him,
And kiss'd his Feet with
Torture swoln, And with
my Tears bedew'd them:
Yea rather in the bloody
Side Would I go in, and
there abide, Nor ever return
hither.

3 But Thoughts like
these at present cease; My
Soul's with Thee enriched,
Thou Wound, Thou most
delightful Place, Which
Thomas prov'd and search-
ed; Deep in this lovely
Hole, there sits My Soul
quite deep, it picks and
sifts, And finds enough to
relish.

4 When we each other
on one Day, To see shall
have the Pleasure; With
Joy I sure shall melt away,
Transported out of Mea-
sure: None of that prim'-
tive-Family Could possibly
more happy be, Than I
now am and shall be.

5 Yet when I *Mary*

Magdalen see Her Lord so
gladly hailing, How at his
Feet so prettily She simply
greets him kneeling; Her
Sinner-Mind and Heart so
low, Which made her down
at his Feet bow; Then is
my Heart quite melted.

6 I do weep over this
indeed, And other such-
like Cases: But firm re-
mains the *Pleura* red The
Object of my Praises; Next
that, the pierced Hands and
Feet, Then for the Pen-
nance so compleat, For me
poor Worm, I'm thank-
ful.

7 How happy is a worm-
lein poor, Amidst the
Wounds Enjoyment? To
be with Lamb's Blood cov-
er'd o'er, And that each
Hour and Moment; From
Morning on till late at
Night, Spent in one pure
divine Delight: 'Tis this
makes Life important.

8 Now then, thou
Church's bleeding Prince!
Mark on Heart, Mind and
Forehead, Until thy Com-
ing does commence, Each
Servant and each Hand-
maid; So that thy Heart's
delight they be Both here
and in Eternity: And bide
their Lamb so gracious.

79.

Germ N^o 1881.

O *Sion's* Daughter, joy-
ful be! Thy Lord
comes on an Ass to thee,
The Cross's Death to suf-
fer. Happy the Soul, whose
Confidence, Whose Faith is
in the slaughter'd Prince;
Such he lets perish never.

80.

Tune: What does a Bird, &c.

O That the Saviour's
faithful Bride This
Ev'ning in his Corpse might
hide, Be buried deep as in
her Bed, And there for ever
rest her Head! In his Side's
Shrine secure, Where one
sleeps well and sure; For
that dear Heart, the Lamb
rever'd, A charming Bed
has there prepar'd, In his
soft Side's Hole. Take then
to Bed with you your
Spouse, Dwell in his Side
as in your House, There
sleep as Angels sweet and
free, For ah! where can
you happier be: Created

are our Classes, To sleep
in his Embraces.

81.

*Tune: Congregation, Christ's Re-
lation.*

O Thou dearest sweet-
est Saviour; Grant
me now a safe Retreat On
thy Hands and Feet for
ever, In thy pretty *Pleura's*
Slit.

2 Shew me where my
Name is written In thy fore
and pierced Hands; Shew
me thy dear Palms so smit-
ten, Where th' eternal Ran-
som stands.

3 Hail thou lovely Face
so marred! Hail ye swell-
ed and broken Eyes! Head
by sharpest Thorns so scar-
red! Pale Lips, so inur'd to
Sighs.

4 Matted Hair with Blood
so tangled, Hanging o'er
thy bruised Face; Body of
Jehovah mangled, To re-
store the fallen Race.

5 Mouth so black and
blew and maimed! Cheeks
depriv'd of Skin and Hair,
On you all I look agham-
ed; Yet my Happiness ye
are.

82.

Germ. N^o. 2312.Tune: *Brought to the Birth, &c.*

OUR House is fix'd
in Jesu's Side, In this
our Age of Grace; There
we go in and out and hide
To all Eternities. We daily
deeper creep therein, Ev'n
in this lovely *Pleura's*
Shrine, Quite happy sits
each Fellow-Heir, Gladly
entangled there.

2 Ye loving Hearts, ye
Brethren dear! Croud all
within this Wound; For
little Cross's-Air-Birds, here
The prettiest Place is found:
Here sings one happily and
plays, Transported quite
with Joy and Grace. How
well can here a Dove a-
bide? All Glory to the
Side!

3 Thro' all our Congre-
gation, lo! Exceeding sweet
it sounds, When we with
Dulci Jubilo *. Exalt the
Man of Wounds: The ho-
ly Choir of Cherubims,
Themselves sing Amen to
our Hymns, And to the
Church above declare, How
happy we are here.

* *Sweet Rejoicings.*

4 Our Anthem shall re-
torted be, The Harpers
playing Croud Sing it with
us in Harmony Before the
Lamb of God. It can't
be otherwise than thus, The
Lamb must mingle soon
with us, And with his lit-
tle Hearts appear, Who al-
ways round him are.

83.

Germ. N^o 2308.Tune: *How is my Heart with
&c.*

O! When my dearest
Lamb I spy, Then
straight within his Side I
fly, My Soul and Body hid-
ing; And he again goes
into me, And there abides
eternally, In my Heart's
Cave residing: Till I
Lastly Quite surrounded In
the wounded Side's Inci-
sion, Melt and vanish like
a Vision.

2 Tho' I can't see him
bodily, Yet still I see him
really Stand in another
Foro *, With Eyes which
me my dear Lamb gave,
Since I a spiritual Body
have: *His intuens, devora*

* *Court or Region.**Deum*

Deum Meum †, My Creator,
Mediator, Who Love's
Glances Shew'd ev'n in
Death's Circumstances.

† *Looking with these, I could
for Love eat up my God.*

84.

Germ. N°. 1936.

In the same Tune.

O Wounded Lamb, my
Lord and God! I
love thy Wound-Holes dy'd
in Blood, I have them for
my Pasture; I'm a poor
Child I must confess, I can't
my Mind in Words express;
Yet is my Heart in Rap-
ture, That I, Happy, Thro'
my Spouse's Wounds, and
Bruises, Am fast tied To
his Heart who for me died.

2 My firm Election see I,
where The four dear Nail-
Prints yet appear, And all
the wounded Places, To
these his Prints and ruddy
Scars, Childlike and inly
bow'd with Tears I give
ten thousand Kisses. O ye
To me Ever precious
Wounds of Jesus! I poor
Vermin, Find in you a Re-
fuge charming.

3 Especially the Hal-
bert's Split, Where like a
little Dove I sit, And there
am hid and buried; With-
in the Side's dear bloody
Hole Entirely happy flies
my Soul, With Care no
longer hurried; Very mer-
ry, Sinnerlike-ly, Bold and
juicy: Heart of my Heart!
The sole Cause of this is
thy Smart.

4 Ye bloody Hands with
Blessings fill'd, In Soul and
Body bless your Child,
With your anointing Juices:
Ye thro'-bor'd Feet, so
lov'd and kiss'd, When
round you Sinner-like I
twist, I feel what each pro-
duces. O pray! To-day,
Side, me nourish, Heal and
cherish, Till I see thee;
Then I first shall right en-
joy thee.

5 Mean while my Heart
does live in thee, It pants
and burns incessantly After
thy Death and Passion. I
can, 'till Soul and Body
part, Do nought, but with
the Man of Smart Keep in
close Conversation. Till I
Kiss thee, O dear Side's-
Hole! Keep thy Dove's
Soul, Tho' in Nature 'Tis
a little, worthless Crea-
ture.

85.

Germ. N^o 2173.

Parents, See! your happy Heart Thanks you for the bitter Smart Suffer'd by our God and Saviour, As he for his Creature died, Won the human Race his Bride, To his nuptial Joy for ever.

truly Flesh and Bone Of her beloved one.

3 O Husband! Know thou me thy Soul As thy once wedded Wife; Thy purple Oil flow thro' the whole With Unction and with Life. Kifs us once so, that it may last; In thy dear Arms embrace us fast, And in the Side's dear Cabinet, Wounds Moisture keep us wet.

86.

Tune: *Brought to the Birth, &c.*

Rejoice, ye Hearts in Jesu's Side! You who're not in it weep! The Side-Hole therefore is so wide, So high, so broad, and deep, That all the Souls should enter there, Since therefore they created were, The Man with that sweet Side-Hole's Space As Husband to embrace.

2 The Church was like an Embryo, Before her Husband dy'd: But when the Side was pierced thro', At once she was a Bride, Intitled to her Husband's Name, Out of whose Body forth she came, For she is

87.

Germ. N^o 2154.

Sanctify thy Congregation, Make them Booties of thy Passion; O let not the least Fibre on us be, That wou'dn't bring Joy to Thee, That wou'dn't to thy most perfect Mind Be resign'd. Thou know'st how Thou'rt to us endeared, Thou who hast Sin with Thyself interred; Thou, of the Church Catholic High-priest great! Bless th' holy Marriage[Single] State, ::|: Let the through-pierced Hands Pain so fore Bless this State evermore. With thy Cross-Climate's Peace The holy Marriage blefs.

88.

Tune : Ye Children, where do
you dwell, &c.

SAY, priestess of Jesus,
attending beneath The
Cross's red Altar, where
God bled to Death ! What
is it ye offer ? what causes
the smell, Which pleases
the Father *Jehovah* so
well ?

2 We hallow'd with Wa-
ter and Sweat from the
Lamb, With Blood-sprink-
led Garments, and Censers
on Flame, With thousands
of Joys at his Altar are
found ; Our Incense is
Tears, Sweat and Blood
from each Wound.

3 But nothing so weigh-
ty or right to you seems,
Nor ought in your praying
or preaching or Hymns, As
Jesus his dying, his Wounds
and his Blood ; Is nothing
else worthy to burn before
God ?

4 O no, our Lamb's
Father and Spirit rever'd
Do nothing like Jesu's sweet
Off'ring regard ; There's
nought brought before him
which he esteems good, Un-
less it ascends in the Smoke
of the Blood.

5 What then is the Lamb,
pray ? or what has he done,
That he and his Sufferings
are weighty alone ? Our
Lamb is our Maker, who
nail'd on the Cross In Flesh
has aton'd for and recon-
cil'd us.

6 We pray you, this Mat-
ter more fully explain, And
wherefore he needed for you
to be slain ? What was the
strange Reason he suffer'd
and bled, Since he was
Creator, and all Things had
made ?

7 He saw, when thro'
Adam the Curse enter'd in,
And view'd the lost World
in its Ruin and Sin ; And
'cause all the Evils came in
by a Man, He Man would
become, and restore it again.

8 How was this accom-
plish'd, and how was ap-
peas'd, The Vengeance and
Wrath, Disobedience had
rais'd ? What means has he
used, what Pains did it cost
For him to redeem and re-
store what was lost ?

9 His own Flesh and
Blood for an Off'ring he
gave, With Prayers to him
who was able to save ; In
Agonies dreadful and Mis'ry
he dy'd ; Thus brought to
the Birth, we were born from
his Side.

10 In op'ning the Side
then some Mystery lay?
The second Man Jesus as
he dy'd away, Would, as
the first *Adam*, have born
his dear Bride, His favour-
ed Church as a Rib from
his Side.

11 But why did he bleed?
Could his Bleeding do good?
There was no Remission
without shedding Blood,
Nor yet could the Blood
of all Creatures atone, The
Wrath was so great, which
made God shed his own.

12 Did all the Wrath
cease at the Death of the
Lamb? So soon as the
Blood on Mount *Calvary*
came: Scarce were his
Hands bor'd, or he to the
Cross bound, But Peace
was proclaim'd, and the
Curse left the Ground.

13 But how did the Fa-
ther regard his pain'd Son?
He help'd him, well-pleased
at what he had done, And
only for sake of his Death
has forgiv'n, And recon-
cil'd all Things in Earth
and in Heav'n.

14 Now can one, since
Jesus our Off'ring is slain,
Whate'er of the Father one
wishes, obtain? O yes, and
while Seraphims trembling
do gaze, A Sinner can go
to him near as he please.

1

15 If now one would
even approach thro' the
Lamb The Father of Jesus
in Jesus's Name, Can one
be admitted? O yes, and
abide Beholding his Glory
in Jesu's pierc'd Side.

16 The Oil of his Sweat
by the Spirit bestow'd, A-
noints who approach him,
the Priests of their God:
Whoe'er of his Blood the
least Drop can obtain, Con-
tinues before him unspotted
and clean.

17 O Saviour, O Maker,
O Lord God and Lamb!
Anoint us, and fill Thou
our Censers with Flame:
And we in white Garments
will ministring stay, And
we from thine Altar will
ne'er go away.

89.

Germ. N^o. 2278.Tune: *What does a Bird, &c.*

SO Side-ward looking
constantly, So Side-
Hole Homesick-feelingly,
Lamb's Heart to creep thro'
so intent, So smelling for
the Lamb's Sweat's Scent,
On the Magnetick Side, :|:
So like a Drop of Jesu's
Sweat, So quiv'ring with

Love's

Love's Ague sweet, Like
th' Infant leaping *, So
drawing Breath in Corpse's
Air, So spouting forth
Wounds Moisture clear, So
from Grave's Vapours in a
Dew, So panting the Son's
Sign to view, Which Sa-
lem's Streets will brighten,
When Suns can no more
lighten.

* Luke i. 41, 44.

2 Mean while so Lamb-
like happily, So Dovelike,
and so Childlikely, With
Sinner-Shame so inly red,
So like a Sinner playfull,
glad, While in the Heart
does hum, *Efflavit ani-*
mmum; † Thro' Cross's Joy
to weep so prone, So quite
in Breast-Plate Scholars
'Tone, Like *John* the Fav'-
rite; So fashion'd to the
flain Lamb's Heart, Like
the Child Jesus in each
Part, So like dear *Mary*
Magdalene, Child, Virgin,
Marriage-like in one, The
Lamb shall keep his Bride's
Soul, Till she can kiss his
Side's Hole.

† Jesus gave up the Ghost.

90.

Germ. N^o 2306.

Tune: *Thou who with Sinners*
smitten art.

SPOUSE! Husband of
thy Church, we pray,
Know all thy Congregati-
on, In quite an human spe-
cial Way; Spouse with
Side's Perforation! O what
a matchless Beam! let thy
pale Lips kiss and caress
us. Here, Corpse! we like
the Infant lie, Stretch thy-
self out and bless us.

CHORUS.

O ye holy five Wounds!
Do unto us as *Elisha* did un-
to the Child.

2 How well upon this
Day are we! The Corpse
doth bless us meetly; Thy
happy Church's Company
Sing, *Ave, Husband!* sweet-
ly. We in the pierced Side
adore; 'Mongst People,
Choirs and Classes, *Spouse*
sounds To-day, *Spouse* o'er
and o'er, Nought *This* with
us surpasses.

CHORUS.

Now knows my Spouse,
Nought to answer, me to hin-
der, That unceasing Him I
kiss, his Feet embracing.

H

3 Thou

3 Thou Blood-perspiring
Bridegroom Thou, Em-
brace and kifs thy Bride
dear, Be so familiar with us
now, As if we were pure
Side here. No Breath we
draw, no Drop so small,
No Fibre, no nor Atom
On th' Church's Body all,
but shall Be known from
Top to Bottom.

CHORUS.

*So on the Husband's Feast
Sing Birds in the Shade car-
ry'd, In their blest Side-
Hole's Nest, The happy Cou-
ples marry'd. Thy Drop of
Sweat doth move, But with
thy Flesh and Bone How
Marriage-like 'twill prove,
When with thy Corpse they're
one.*

91.

From the German.

TELL us from whence
the Breezes blow,
Which all our Bones and
Veins go thro'? If 'tis but
nam'd, my Heart's in-
flam'd; Side's Cavity! Is't
not from Thee? Dear Side,
to thee our Praise we bring,
Thee Side alone we sing,
In all the Lamb the sweet-
est Thing.

2 This is the Burden of
the Song; The Bird to
Ave's us'd so long, From
Year to Year; my Side-
Hole dear! My Eyes are
wet, for this is great, Ex-
pressions fail, my Abode
shall be 'Thro' all my Life
in Thee, And thou mag-
netick e'er in me.

3 And when I speak, or
play or sing, I nothing say,
(poor stupid thing!) But
"Hearts so dear! O do
"but hear! No Bliss, I'm
"sure, is like God's Pleur.'
The Folk of Hearts, who
all are here, Sing, My own
Side's Hole dear! Soon may
he bodily appear.

92.

Germ. N^o 2203.

Tune: *Elder of thy Train.*

THAT is my Delight,
When the Mother's
Light Paints before my Eyes
so feeble, Since they aught
to see are able, Her Son
in that Case, As when slain
he was.

2 First with Tears for
this I right inly kifs God
the Spirit, who discover'd
The Lamb to me so Blood-
cover'd: Then to this Man

I Kneeling will draw
nigh,

3 For the Death so fore,
For the Wounds and Gore,
For the Side's Hole in his
Body I will kiss his Hands
so bloody; And each pierc-
ed Foot Likewise I'll sa-
lute.

4 But what loving Smart
Overcomes my Heart, When
I think upon the Father,
Who sent down that Pre-
sent hither, Which was his
sole Joy In Eternity!

5 This was, without
doubt, Such a Rent and
Cut, As (in human way to
speak) one Short'ning of
his Days would reckon, If
but Death and He Could
consistent be

6 Think but with what
Smart A good Father's
Heart At that Moment must
be aching, When the Son
his Leave is taking; Tho'
the Journey were, Some
rich Crown to wear.

7 But God's Son his Way
Through a gulphy Bay,
Through the Atmospheres,
yet curst For the human
Race, has forced To their
Land of Woe, Pan to un-
dergo.

8 Therefore to Papa
That Hallelujah, Which to
him belongs in Fitness, No
one gives, till he the Wit-

ness Of the Mother hath,
Touching Jesu's Death.

9 O blest Trinity! And
Side's Cavity Of the
Son who bore our Tor-
ment! Take now towards
your Contentment, This our
Cross's Church, As a glow-
ing Torch.

10 Father! well-pleas'd
be, Since Thou here can'st
see, That we've all thro'
Grace approached To thy
Son's Wounds, therein lodg-
ed; And in thy Mind deep
Thy Church ever keep.

11 And thou Man of
Smart! Bleed on thy Wife's
Heart; More to feel thee
still inure her, Daily, hour-
ly stand before her, That
no smallest Space She might
miss thy Face.

12 Thy Form ne'er be
fale On the Cross's Pale;
At thy Tears, so full of
Merit, Be the Eye to look
ne'er wearied. What we
think or do, Blood be mix'd
all thro'.

13 Mother, Holy Ghost!
By that Name thou go'st;
Thou, who in the Son's
whole matter Art the chief
Negotiator, And in School-
ing thine Patience shew'st
divine!

14 Now effect it so, That
in ev'ry Row, Each Sheep
of the Church's Pasture So

near to the Lamb his Ma-
ster Be, as once one saw
John with Joshua.

15 Yes, I thee request
With an humbled Breast;
Think upon thy Children,
Mother! Are we Sinners
one with th' other? Yet
we're of the Son The Re-
ligion.

93.

Germ. N^o 1877.

THE Cherubims of
God Exalt their
Voices loud, Sparkling with
Flash and Shine; Their
Song is, (if I dare it say)
Whereto more than one
Harp does play: Glory to
the Side's Shrine!

94.

Germ. N^o 2204.

Tune: *Thou who with Sinners
smitten art.*

THE Church of *Phi-
ladelphia*, That Heart
to th' Wounds so tender,
Waits for her dearest *Jo-
shua* With Lamp in con-
stant Splendor; She will,

as soon as he'll appear,
His Heart, Hands, Feet,
kiss over. O! if those thro'-
bor'd Feet ev'n here In
th' Hall did him discover.

2 Mean while she feels
her inly well, He's in the
midst however; She in the
Side doth rest and dwell,
In her Tent he her Lover:
This makes the Church
from ev'ry Feast Such Re-
lish be perceiving, The
Cross-Air-Bird sings in
its Nest Right neatly its
Thanksgiving.

3 It thanks the Lamb,
who us hath made, For th'
Angels o'er us placed, And
for those Calls of Grace,
which lead To this and
that Plan blessed. The hap-
py Tears of Love which
flow, Oft frustrate one's In-
tention, What thy Cross-
Church doth wish for so,
In Words distinct to men-
tion.

4 But (tho' thereby one
forfeits not That Cruci-
ble's soft Process, Where-
in the Mother does trans-
mute To pure Lamb's-Bone
our Masses :) We know not
yet, who'll be in th' Case,
To get his Transformation
Amidst the Ministry and
Days Of th' Bride's Glori-
fication.

95.

Germ. N^o 1882.

Te Sponsam.

FIRST CHOIR.

SECOND CHOIR.

THE Daughters Rev-
erence do,

Christess! and praise thee
too.

Thee, Nurse * of the poor
feeble Race,
* *Gal. iv. 26.*

Who still is, what the Mo-
ther was!

The Angels glorious Com-
pany,

The Train of the bless'd
Trinity,

The Thrones and Princi-
palities

Delight to see thy Come-
linefs.

B. { Thou happy *Kyria!* ^a
Daughter of Abi-jah, ^b
Ve Ruach Elohah, ^c
Sister ^d of Jehovah!

^a Lady. ^b God the Father, *Col. i. 3.* ^c And of God the
Holy Ghost, *Acts v. 4.* ^d *John xx. 17.*

Mannefs ^e of the Man Je-
shuah, ^f

Out of the Pleura. ^g Hosan-
nah ! : | : | :

^e משיח *Gen. ii. 23. Eph.*
v. 30. ^f *Jesus or Saviour.*

^g *Gen. ii. 22.*

1 The twelve Apostles ho-
ly Choir,

Together with all Prophets
dear,

The Martyrs venerable
Troop,

Help thy full Number to
make up.

2 The Folk, who Jesu's
Torments press,

In thee 're embody'd by De-
grees,

H 3

The

The four, who sleep not
Night nor Day,

3 Th' anointed Locks * of
thy dear Hair,

* *Luk. x. 38.*

They lie before our *Jeshua*,

4 God, who th' Eternities
did frame,

He bod'ly in a Virgin's
Womb

5 And why, thou Bride of
God most dear,

(To thy Shame, to his
Praise be't said)

6 Thou in his En'my's
Arms did'st lie,

Till the strong God him-
self did come,

7 Now then reside within
his Joy,

And th' higher thy Spouse
raiseth thee :

8 Expect us in thy Happi-
ness

For when this shall accom-
plish'd be,

9 When once thy Spouse
to Doom draws nigh,

10 Then thou with him
triumphant ride,

From whence thou dug *
and formed wert,

* *Isa. li. 1.*

Thy Chariot thro' the World
convey.

Of th' Altar the *Liturgi* †
are :

† *Ministers. Rev. v. 14.*

Ready to wipe his Sweat a-
way.

Who in Time Man for us
became,

One with thy Nature did
become.

Did the Godhead in Flesh
appear ?

Thou left'st his holy Mar-
riage-Bed ;

How fast, * alafs ! did he
hold thee ;

* *Rom. vii.*

And th' Virgin from the
strong snatch'd home.

Blush at thyself eternally,

Of Him, while he lives,
joyful be.

At the new Birth of Times
and Days.

Thou shalt thyself com-
pleated see.

And Earth and Heav'n be-
fore him fly ; :: ::

And place thyself around
his Side,

When thy Spouse did this
Life depart.

11 Mean

11 Mean while that Church
do not forget,

Which in the Lamb's Blood
lies indeed,

12 'Cause in the Rock-hole
sits the Dove,

Yet on account of Faults
and Wants,

13 Daily, O Church, par-
tic'larly

The spiritual Race of *Shem*

14 Whenever it in Spirit
prays,

Where the Temple, the
Light and God

15 His Patients at the Heal-
ing-Pool

B. { Meanwhile they wait within their Nest,
{ Lamb's Wife! thy solemn Wedding-Feast.

Which cannot perfect be as
yet :

And doth in all her Wars
succeed ;

And th' Lion the Dove's
Guard doth prove :

For Christ's Soul always
weeps and pants.

Our Mother us reminds of
thee :

Can ne'er forget *Jerusa-
lem.*

To the chief City it turns
its Face,

The Spouse is, with five
Wound-holes red.

Come all into Health's
Kingdom whole.

96.

Germ. N^o 2263.

Tune: *Ave, my Husband dear.*

THE Flock of Birds
who are In th'
Cross's Atmosphere, As lit-
tle Birds so white, Like
Alabaſter bright On the
Lamb's Head * appear.
They warble sweet and

* Rev. i. 14.

2

bold In Verses new and
old, Suiting the Cross's Air,
Their *Ave*, Lamb most
dear !

97.

Hymn for Meetings of
Prayer. Germ. N^o 1207.

Tune: *O take me by the Hand
and Heart.*

THE God to whom
we Homage pay,
Who

Who perfecteth his Praise
 always Out of the Suck-
 lings here ; Give us to feel,
 to taste and see, How gra-
 cious and how sweetly he
 Does in this Time his Love
 declare.

2 May he excite each
 Witness Throat, Bold to
 declare the Wonders great,
 Done by his Faithfulness !
 He grant us from his
 Wounds to drink, And
 humbly at his Feet to sink,
 And give us Child-like
 Cheerfulness !

3 O Thou our Friend,
 thou faithful Heart ! Thy
 Thy Spirit and thy Fire im-
 part Unto thy Priests blest
 Choir, Give Incense to their
 Pray'rs always, And to thy
 chosen Priestesses ; And O
 lift up our Hands still
 higher.

4 And you, blest Angels,
 Brethren dear ! Who all
 and ev'ry Member here
 Have watch'd until this
 Day ; Who in the Light
 behold always The Fa-
 ther's kind and loving Face,
 Blest Spirits ! keep us safe
 always.

5 That we by your clear
 Shine and Light, The
 Church's Wants discern a-
 right, And all our own
 Wants too ; That we as

better Children, nay As
 greater Conqu'rors ev'ry
 Day May out of all our
 Meetings go.

98.

Tune : *When'er him I can eat.*

THE Man from Na-
 zaret, First Carpen-
 ter, then Teacher, (With
 whom some Hearts are smit,
 As had his Mein been rich-
 er,) Is pensive grown of
 late, Half absent from his
 Hearts ; Lo ! now to some
 Retreat He in the Night
 departs.

2 Methinks I've Right,
 ev'n I, To be his Steps
 pursuing, With the *Trium-
 viri* ; * For what the Hus-
 band's doing, The Wife to
 look at dares. Yet, O poor
 Atom ! think, This Hus-
 band may have Cares,
 Which would his Wife
 quite sink.

* *Peter, James and John.*

3 'Tis true, my Soul !
 thou know'st Most Sorrows
 that are human, Save giv-
 ing up the Ghost : Thou
 know'st what Smart does
 hem one, When something
 has been done, Which can't
 be justify'd ; Or when one's
 Hour

Hour comes on, That he
some Brunt must bide.

4 In gen'ral too, thy
Guess Concerning *him*, thy
Brother, Goes far ; Yet
ne'ertheless His Griefs rate
by no other : His Heart is
deep and large, It has th'
Abysses view'd, Ev'n there
has took in Charge To
make our Matters good.

5 So then, whilst he pro-
ceeds, Thy Insight be,
" 'Tis wholesome". What
he in Horror bleeds, Con-
dense on thee to Balsam.
Yield him that manly Part,
From Wife and Children's
Head, (Wake they or sleep)
t'advert The Ill, and Bleis-
ing shed.

6 No where canst thou
so well Lie down hence-
forth and slumber, As where
thy Lord did feel Thy Curse
thro' his each Member. It
gives a Shock indeed, T'ap-
proach that dol'rous Plain :
But then soft Gales suc-
ceed, Which leave one not
again.

7 Who in *Gethsemane*,
Has once like *Peter* watch-
ed, With cheerful Thoughts
and free Will be from
thence dispatched : He'll
think, " Now just it is,
" No Fever me should

" burn ; Since in that Sweat
" of *His*, *My* Sickness took
" a Turn."

8 But what is He to me,
Who thus for all my Cases
Found out a Remedy, And
my whole Man embraces ?
My Friend both new and
old, My Nature's Confi-
dant, With whom I'll Con-
frence hold O'er all my
Joy and Want :

9 Till once into his Arms,
Ev'n as my Soul's Crea-
tor, (Who from all casual
Harms Restores us soon or
later) I shall with Rapture
run ; Having this Plea to
shew, That he with me in
one Did in Pain's Furnace
flow.

99.

From the German.

Tune: *Lord Christ, thy Blood, &c.*

THE Mother of the
Fold Moves oft and
makes us bold, In the Son's
Name to pray, (Who all
Things does uphold, In
whom all Things are yea !)
To pray Childlikely, Fa-
ther, unto Thee, How
Things are to be.

100.

On a Sunday, Jan 29,
1747. Germ. N^o 2279.

THE Sabbath is for
Man, * that he
Therein might have Re-
pose, Be still, sit down, and
satisfy Himself with Christ
his Spouse: And his im-
mortal happy *She*, The
Fruit of his Death's Ago-
ny, Has also that Day Sab-
bath made; When he wak'd
from the Dead.

* *The Word of our Saviour for
that Day.*

2 Who Yesterday with
that dear Man Have slept;
to rise To-day, Enter their
Labours fresh again, Eat
Bread, and then drink Tea:
The Phyfick - Garden,
wherein grows The Love-
Feast Tea for all the
House, Is Jesu's Side-
Hole, (thence it springs)
To which one, Glory!
sings.

3 Ah my Hearts lovely
Jesus Christ! Thou hast
the softest Bed, Wherein
thy Sabbath Hearts can rest:
Of which so much is said,
And thought, and sung,
and sweetly play'd, Yet
better in the Heart dis-

play'd, How warm one
there can lie and hide, All
Glory to the Side!

4 Brought to the Birth,
dear Creature, Thou, As
Jesus struggling died! And,
as the Soldier pierc'd it
thro', Born from his bleed-
ing Side! The Soul of
Christ thee sanctify, His
Spirit seal thee graciously,
His Body torn with many
a Wound, Preserve thee al-
ways found.

101.

Germ. Page 2084.

THE Saviour, by E-
lection free, Of Souls
is from Eternity The Spouse
and Lord alone; They for
this End were surely made,
'To sleep in his Arms un-
dismay'd, In his Name
we'll to sleep lie down.

102.

Germ. N^o 1963.

Tune: *When'er him I can ear*

THOU Death-Sweat
mix'd with Blood,
Which the Lamb's Body
cover'd, When pale his
Face

Face was view'd, His Soul
by a Thread hover'd, His
Heart together press'd, His
Eye in Tears was drown'd,
And Ice-cold Dew full fast
O'er all his Hair was
found ;

2 Sweat, which on Head
shines bright, Death-Sweat
on clammy Forehead, Sweat
gath'ring round the Sight,
Which the Brain's Moisture
marred ; Thou Passion-An-
guish hard, Which his Sp'rit
over-heat, Did tear his
Bones like Sword, And his
Breath suffocate !

3 Yes, Corpse-like dewy
now, And still Grave-steam-
ing Fingers ! This Ser-
vant's Bone sweat thro',
Which quiv'ring for it lin-
gers. Thou Corpse's Air !
come, come Thro' this

Hand into th' Bread : When
kneaded with thy Fume,
'Twill make the Members
dead.

4 Thou scarce two In-
ches deep, Yet Fountain
fathom'd never, Which first
a Spear ran up, Now Hell's
quench'd by thy River !
'Fore that Well's Source
and Grott Thy Love-sick
Wife here lies : O let his
slumb'ring Note Unstop
thy Passages.

5 Flow in this Hall with
Haste, That thy Church
wet it render ; And that
(in this Meal blest) God-
Manhood's Depth so ten-
der, Which in the Sacra-
ment Of the dear Corpse
and Blood To know the
Church is bent, Give us
Wounds-Courage good.

103.

Germ. N^o 1872.

The Church's Prayer to her Mother.

FIRST CHOIR.

SECOND CHOIR.

THOU, who from
the Father hast 'Fore
all Time proceeded,

Spirit, by whom 'the Vir-
gin blest The Son here con-
ceived ;

Since

Since the Lamb of God,
so red, Is his People's Bro-
ther, And Christ's God
their Father's made,

B. *Thou'rt the Church's Mother!*

1 *To thy Name be ever
brought Godlike Adoration:*

For who knew the Lamb
without thy Illumination?

2 *Fetch into Christ's Church-
Ark all, Who're drawn by
the Father,*

And whom Christ from
Death does call, And to
Life's Band gather.

3 *As in greatest Things thy
Will Meets with Execution;
So in small shall it fulfil*

The Lamb's Congregation.
With the Righteousness
of God, From the Side so
bleeding,

4 *With our daily Bread
and Food, Thy Hands us are
feeding.*

Mother, all the Church's
Life Is the Father's Kind-
ness, Our Lord's Patience
with his Wife,

5 *And thy rich Forgive-
ness.*

6 *We would fain not tempt-
ed be, Wish none thus di-
stressed;*

Yet if one's 'chastis'd by
Thee, It to him be bless-
ed.

7 *And*

7 *And till once the wicked
One Is at God's * Feet ly-
ing,*

** Psal. cx. Heb. ii. 8.*

Sleeps the Church, Thou
rocking, on, Free from all
his Trying.

Tune thy own Hallelujah

Amen,

B. Come in th' Name of Jesus.

'Mongst thy Seed so pre-
cious !
Mother Jehovah !

I 04.

Germ. Page 2083.

Tune : *To God on high all; &c.*

TH Y Spirit of Glad-
ness give us Pow'r,
Heal us with all thy Bruises,
And wash us in this Morn-
ing [Evening] Hour With
thy Sweat's bloody Juices :
And soon fetch in, as thou
shalt please, Upon their
Faith, from all Earth's Face,
The rest of thy elected.

appears, Now from Sight
retired ;

2 Till to the great Mar-
riage-Feast, Our so faithful
Lover Shall his purchas'd
Rib at last Visibly fetch
over ;

3 He with such a Pledge
thro' Grace His dear Flock
supplyeth, Whereby all his
Witness-Race Yonder Mar-
riage eyeth.

4 Whereby they in Fore-
taste here Find such Pow'r's
proceeding, As if God's
Son o'er us were His own
Garment * spreading.

** Ezek. xvi. 8.*

I 05.

Germ. N° 2163.

Tune : *Thou whom thron'd &c.*

TILL the Hour shall
come, with Tears
By the Church desired,
When the Husband once

5 First, his Sinner-Wife
doth gain In the Supper's
Solace From the martyr'd
Corpse more, than Ev'n
from Glory's Palace.

6 O then by the bleed-
ing Lamb She is known
and greeted, So that she
with Marriage-Flame Thro'
and thro' is heated.

I

7 When

7 When that costly purple Oil, Out of the Side's Sluices, In our Spirit, Body, Soul, Deep itself diffuses ;

8 'Then of holy Chastity Mildest Motions sparkle Where Sin's Venom else did lie In our Tabernacle.

9 What an Unction the Lamb's Wife Feels within her Body, When God's Blood, the Sap of Life, With its Pow'rs is ready.

10 Tender shudd'ring of her Frame, Which the Body's Members For their Union with the Lamb Apt and able renders.

11 Secondly, when God's Lamb dear, Our divine Creator, Out of Man took Woman there, (O the skilful Potter !)

12 He a Vicarship that Hour Founded and invented, Where, thro' Husbands, to their Pow'r, *He* is represented.

13 This so venerable Knot, (Which that Marriage-Treaty With the Lamb's self to us ought To make known and weighty)

14 Is in gen'ral by Mankind So not right discerned ; That God's Sacramental Mind, To the Flesh they've turned.

15 What does this affect our Case ? Be our Husband praised, Who th' Adult'ry cancel'd has, And its Curse erased ;

16 Who amidst Church-times so clear Hath our Being fitted, And our Marriage-Joy just there To commence permitted.

17 Brethren, Sisters ! thank him now With Childlike Devotion, That in Marriage he grants you The right Plan and Notion.

18 From the Marriage-Mother, all A divine Seal carry : Till the *Bore's* † Sire him shall To the *Perje* * marry.

† *Creator's.* * *Creature.*

106.

Germ. No 2257. *Single Sisters Hymn.*

Tune : *How is my Heart, &c.*

TO you, ye Jesu's Wounds ! we pay A thousand thankful Tears this Day, That you have us presented With many happy Virgin-Rows Since the Year Thirty, who are close To Jesu's Heart cemented. Pappa ! Mamma ! Your Hearts Flamelein, Brother Lamb-

Lamlein Gives the Creatures Virgin-Hearts and Virgin-Features.

2 What sing you 'fore your Spousal Man, Ye Brides! that he shall do and can? Much he hath done already. You bow down to the thro'-bor'd Feet, With thousand kisses them to greet, To faint before him ready. O Lamb! what Shame Lay on them all, till Faults Female Were quite banish'd In the Bridegroom's Wounds, and vanish'd.

3 The Lamb's to them their Heart most sweet, Since they have got their happy Seat Within the Hole Blood-ricing. Therefore we can our Virgins see So happy and so chearful be; They find their Smart and Joying In him, on whom All Choirs do cling, as Locks cleaving To him nearer, Than to their own Lives, and dearer.

4 Of us none could have thought upon All that which our dear Lamb has done Among our single Classes. O Lamb! this Grace fast for them keep, And lead them farther Step by Step, Unto thy Wound-

Holes Praises; Bloody, steddily, Sinnerlikely, and quite juicy, In full Measure: This, O Lamb! wou'd be our Pleasure.

5 We often feel transporting Joy, When we the Wounds do sparkling spy At their blest Choir's assembling. When we the bloody Majesty, And our blest single People see; We think, but yet with trembling, O were this Choir, Till the Wedding and the Bedding With Christ ever, To no Vice-Christ joined never!

6 Yet this is carried not too far, We know that the Lord's own you are, He may with you keep playing: And she, who what she should, not *will*, She is most certainly not well. Then, Sisters! hear my Saying; Rest ye, for he, The blest Husband of the Cross-Band, Gives Direction, And to Him we're in Subjection.

7 How light is then a Virgin's Heart! It cleaves to him with ev'ry Part, Who loves the Souls to marry; Anoints her Flesh and Soul with Life: Then be she single or a Wife, Still she her Point does

carry. She is a Piece Of
that bloody Husband's Body,
His own Purchase, And an
Honour of the Church's.

8 So, dearest Hearts !
makes you our God, The
Man with five Wounds red
of Blood, To whom we
fast are cleaving, Who has
us so deep in his Heart,
And did your Soul and
Limbs impart : He is what
we wish giving, That
you be true Sinners hap-
py, Children lovely, And
Lamb's Virgins, This will
cause us great Rejoicings.

9 For this blest End we
give you o'er To th' on-
ly Virgin-like Man pure,
Whose Blood hath it acquir-
ed, That you shall be such
Hearts and can ; For your
Bride's-Titles then began,
When he for you expired.
O Lamb, such Flame To
such Sinners, worthless
Children, Never glowed :
O what is on us bestow-
ed !

10 O Christ's dear Fa-
ther ! be Thou glad, We're
thy Son's Crown and Joy
indeed : O tender Mother !
kiss us, Nurse us poor
Children carefully ; We
are not so as we should
be, And this indeed does
grieve us. Husband ! thy
Band We're however,

thine for ever, Thy Posses-
sion, And thy own Choir
Congregation.

11 Now, dearest Lamb !
thy bloody Sweat, Thy
Death-Sweat come so hot
and wet Upon our Soul
and Body ; Thy holy Flesh
our sweet Repast, That
make us all and keep us
chaste ; Thy purple Oil so
bloody Now flow quite
thro' Veins and Members,
(Nothing hinders) Soul and
Body Must have nothing
left unbloody.

107.

Tune : Brought to the Birth, &c.

WE kiss each other in
the Side Of our
beloved Spouse, Which is
ordain'd for his dear Bride
Her everlasting House. The
Lamb, the Husband of our
Souls, Hath got indeed
more Wounds and Holes,
Yet is the bleeding lovely
Side The Chamber of the
Bride.

2 Our Husband's Side-
Hole is indeed The Queen
of all his Wounds ; On
this the little Pidgeons feed,
Whom Cross's Air fur-
rounds. There they fly in
and out and sing, Side's
Blood

Blood is seen on ev'ry Wing,
The Bill that picks the
Side-Hole's Floor, Is red
of Blood all o'er.

3 Then sings the little
happy Croud, Warbling
their Blood-wash'd Throats,
No other Bird however
proud Can imitate their
Notes. They sing their
Psuræ Gloria! And to the
Lamb *Victoria!* Amen and
Amen sings the Choir, Then
flies in to respire.

4 Blest Flock in th'
Cross's Atmosphere, You
smell of Jesu's Grave, The
Vapours of his Corpse so
dear Are the Perfume you
have. It's Scent is pene-
trant and sweet; When you
each other kiss and greet,
This Scent discovers that
you were To Jesu's Body
near.

5 With thy Side's Blood
quite cover me, And wet
me thro' and thro'; For
this I pant incessantly, And
nothing else will do. The
Blood-Sweat in thy Agony
Come in full Heat all o-
ver me, Thy Body stretch
its Breadth and Length
O'er me, and give me
Strength.

6 A Bird that dives in-
to the Side, Goes down
quite to the Ground, And

finds a Bottom large and
wide In this so lovely
Wound. A Side-Hole's
Diver will I be: O Side-
Hole! I will sink in Thee.
My Soul and Body, Enter
thou Into the Side-Hole
now.

7 To live and work and
sleep therein, I'm heartily
inclin'd. As a poor Dove
myself to screen, Is my
whole Heart and Mind. O
precious Side-Hole's Cavi-
ty! I want to spend my
Life in Thee. Glory to
Thee for thy Side-Hole,
Dear Husband of my Soul!

8 With all my Heart I
bow and bend Before thy
bleeding Feet: Yet to thy
Side I re-ascend, Which is
to me most sweet. There
in one Side-Hole's Joy di-
vine, I'll spend all future
Days of mine Yes, yes,
I will for ever sit There,
where thy Side was split.

9 Ye Cross's Air Birds,
swell the Notes Of the
sweet Side-Hole Song, The
Side-Hole's juice will clear
your Throats, And help
to hold it long. Each Day
and Year shall higher raise
The Side-Hole's Glory,
Love and Praise: Hallelu-
jah! Hallelujah! To the
Side Gloria!

108.

Germ. N^o 2172, ver. 2.Tune: *Is that my dearest Brother.*

WE'RE born and destin'd purely For
our dear wounded Spouse;
He once has sworn, that
surely He Love to Sinners
shews: Domesticks and his
Children we, And under
Education, Till we his Wife
shall be.

109.

Germ. N^o 1948.Tune: *Jesus, all Praise is due to Thee.*

WE sing to Thee,
Immanuel! Thou
Prince of Life, Salvation's
Well! Thou Morning Star,
Thou Eden's Flow'r! The
Lord of Lords, whom
Mary bore! *Hallelujah.*

2 We sing Thee 'midst
thy chosen Race, With all
our Strength we give Thee
Praise; That Thou so long
expected Guest, Didst come

to visit us at last. *Hallelujah.*

3 Dost Thou a Stranger
chuse to be, When Heav'n
and Earth belong to Thee?
Thou cloathest all, yet bare
and mean Wilt thou on
human Bosom lean. *Hallelujah.*

4 Dost thou a Mother's
Suckling need, Who dost
the whole Creation feed?
The Worlds like Parchment
roll'st Thou up, And
Men in swaddling Clothes
Thee wrap. *Hallelujah.*

5 Thou in a Manger ly'st
with Beasts, There thou a
little Infant rest'st; Tho'
Thou'rt the Heathen's
Light and Friend, No Ser-
vant's found on Thee t'at-
tend. *Hallelujah.*

6 I thank Thee, loving
Lamb! that Thou On my
Account didst stoop so low;
And as thy Spirit gives me
Grace, I'll be thy Ser-
vant, if Thou please. *Hallelujah.*

7 I'll sing thy Hallelu-
jahs here Before the Souls,
and never tire; And when
I yonder gain my Place,
I'll sing an endless Age of
Praise. *Hallelujah.*

His Morning Verse.

110.

Concerning the happy little Birds in the Cross's-Air, or in the Atmosphere of the Corpse of Jesus.

Germ. N^o 2251.

WHAT does a Bird in Cross's-Air, When it flies up to the Lamb near, When round the Lamb it moves and sings, And claps the *Ave* with its Wings? Dear Hearts! look, look, and see, :|: The little Bird finds presently It's Nest in the dear Cavity, From whence the Church was dug. Within the Hole, where Blood casts Rays, The Bird itself entangled has; And round the Castle of the Side Are Wound-Swans in the Canal wide; There learns the little Piper. In th' Hole to be a Dipper.

CHORUS.

My Heart with Joy, with Joy abounds, I've found the Ocean of the Wounds; There I'm a little Dove, a Fish, There is my Bed, Table and Dish, and all Things. :|:

2 A Bird in Cross's Climate bred, What does it, when it flies from Bed? It has slept in the Side's sweet Cell So happy, easy, soft, and well: Gets up so prettily. And what is its employ? Quite chearfully it flies along, Is happy, and does sing its Song, In the Wounds - Power. In all things mingle Lamb and Blood, Let it walk, drink, or take its Food, Or *Ave* chirp, or laugh or weep, Or bathe, or play, or go to sleep; Eternally it never Can from the Side-Hole sever.

His Day Verse.

3 But how's the Cross's-Air Bird's Mind, When in a Cage it is confin'd? It does, what all the Doves dear *Man* In his Cage here on Earth has done; So that one even knows, Since from the Dead he rose, That he with his Disciples play'd; Which play till then must be delay'd, For he must suffer. And so the little Turtle-Dove Was sometimes to a Corner drove. His little Doves weep also now, Yet none but Tears of Joy can flow: The Bride-

Bridegroom sees the Bride
still, The Bride feels on
his Side still.

When he is melancholy.

4 But when the Bird in
Cross's Air Has done some
Thing that is not fair, And
is beat on the little Bill
By th' other Hearts, what
does it still? Away to th'
Arm it whips Of th' Lamb,
and Mercy! pipes; Or
else it plunges in the Blood,
Comes up with Wound-
Holes Courage good, As
a poor Sinner. And when
the Hearts chide him again,
And tell him all his Faults
quite plain; 'Twill neither
on its Right proceed, Nor
its new Sinner-Beauty plead,
It says, "Forgive, and let
"me, Dear Hearts! Walk
"along with ye."

His Evening Verse.

5 A Bird in Cross's Cli-
mate bred, What does it,
when it goes to Bed? It is
glad over the Wounds-
Blood, Thinks of nought
else or bad or good, But
of its Resting-Place; And
of these two it has: One
is the Side's most charming
Hole, There rests it Spi-
rit, Body, Soul, In Day
and Night-Time. The other

for the Body it has, As it
can be, yet a clean Place,
The Side's Canal flows
round this Place, The An-
gels keep the Watch al-
ways; The Sleep comes to
it meetly, Look here, how't
sleeps so sweetly!

CHORUS.

*My Wing is from Blood's
River wet, The Taste I in
the Bill repeat, With which
in Day-time I so happily
play'd: I have in the Side-
Hole of Jesus me laid, How
does it taste? Good.*

When he is to go Home.

6 How does a Cross-Air
Bird behave, When of the
Tent it will take Leave?
The Body grows a little
sick, The Soul may find it
long or quick, Till she the
Bridegroom see; There
stands he presently. She
views the Side, Hands, Feet,
each Part; The Lamb up-
on her weary Heart A Kiss
then gives her: This Kiss
extracts the Soul quite out,
And in his dear Mouth
home 'tis brought. The
Kiss's Print the Body shews,
Which to its Fining-Place
then goes; When done,
the Soul does fetch it. And
to the Wound-hole snatch it.

Conclu-

Conclusion.

7 So it goes to Eternity :
We lie in the Side's Ca-
vity, (Which hath a sweet
attracting Strength) Just as
we please, in Breadth, or
Length, So as, while here,
we did Imagine of the
Side ! There kifs the Birds
each other's Lips, One laughs
and plays, the other weeps,
So as it happens. This is
the Cross's-Air-Birds Plan,
Here they leave off, here,
they begin. So Lamblike,
bloody, happily, So Turtle-
Dove-like, prettily, The
Lamb shall keep his Bride
here, Till she can kifs his
Side there.

CHORUS.

*All Praise to Thee, O
Jesus Christ ! That in thy
Side retreating, I've got
with other Doves my Nest ;
I like a poor Dust eat in.
Ye Men ! (who, from with-
out, it bear,) Be so good,
and the Truth declare, What
Bird sings like this ? No
one.*

III.

Communion-Hymn, April

21, 1747.

Germ. N^o. 2280.

In the same Tune.

W H A T does a Bird
in Cross's Air, When

enter in it will and dare ?
The Cross's Breezes fill the
Sail, And blow the Bird
to the Corpse pale. The
Wings hang faintly down,
The Bird would fall down
soon, Had not its little Bill
peck'd in Quite fast be-
tween the Flesh and Skin
Of the Lamb's Body. There
on th' Arch-Magnet hangs
the Bird, It hangs, not
wanting to be stirr'd ; It
lets the Time run on its
Pace, Cares nought for all
Eternities, It saith, " Be
" ever living, Ye Saints,
" let me be cleaving."

2 But what does the dear
Marriage-Heart To such a
Dove with his Love's Art,
When he'd disturb the little
Dove, Which shall not yet
fly up above ? That does
the Husband true In this
sweet Manner do ; That
he unto the little Dove, By
the Side-shrine asleep for
Love, Which in had bit-
ten, Upon the Eye that fell
asleep, And on the Bill
peck'd in so deep, At once
a Blood-Stream forth does
pour, Which flows the lit-
tle Bird all o'er. Thus
loose, the Bird must ven-
ture Its Flight afresh to
enter.

112.

Tune : *Ye Children, where do you dwell, &c.*

WHAT then is our Answer, when ask'd who we are, Since Strangers and Pilgrims to all we appear ? We simply confess, we are Sinners, whom God Came down from his Throne, and redeem'd with his Blood.

2 This each can affirm, I am dear to the Lamb ; Who looks on his Bosom, can read there my Name ; Upon his dear Forehead, his Back, Feet, and Hands, Engraven th' Account of my Ransom-Price stands.

3 He carried me careful, when travail'd his Soul ; I shar'd not his Sorrows, he suffer'd the whole ; And when his dear Heart by the Soldier was torn, I out of his Pleura was royally born.

4 Long as in his Bus'ness the Nations I trace, His Blood and his Wounds shall continue my Pass : Tho' Death and Hell's Armies t'oppose my Course stood, Like Lightning they fly at the Sound of the *Blood*.

5 Who hear our Confession, shall set to their

Seal ; The Saviour's will own us, the others will rail ; And we like a Snow-ball, the longer we roll, Shall gather our own, till we gather the whole.

113.

Germ. N^o 2200.

Tune : *To God on high, &c.*

WHEN they the Lord receive and greet After his Resurrection, That there his *John* he does not meet, Needs, one may think, Correction. Alas ! too late he come to this, Because about he running is, And losing Time with *Peter*.

2 And thus 'twas *Mary's* happy Lot, (Queen of the Sinners Order) That she the first Love's Look has got, Since the Lamb left Death's Border. *Mary* ! says he, then down she sinks, *Rabboni* ! Oh, 'tis Thee, methinks ; Her Senses fail with Rapture.

3 She goes on with her low Address, Sinks at his Feet, where Bliss is ; She knows it is the Sinners Place, Where they and she pay kisses : To *John* the Bosom

Bosom she resigns, Where he
with Heart's Delight re-
clines; So they have no
Contention.

4 Him by the Feet to hold
and keep, Would not alone
content me; Into one Wound
I'd rather leap, And no-
thing should prevent me:
Directly into the Side's
Shrine, I'd screw myself
quite deep therein, There
I could dwell for ever.

5 Yet if a Foot I could
but gain, I'd not so soon
dismiss it; I'd hang upon
it like a Chain, Quick I'd
so clasp and seize it, That
tho' he should to Heaven
fly, Me he should draw with
him on high, Into his Fa-
ther's Bosom.

6 And when at the ap-
pointed Hour, I see him
once like *Mary*; This Sight
my Soul with mighty Pow'r
Shall in the Side-Hole car-
ry. Dear Hearts! Soon as
his Voice I hear, From
that Time look for me no
where, But in the bloody
Pleura.

114.

On Christmas-Day, 1747.

WHEN Thou the
great and sovereign
Creator, all Woes to end

and scatter, which from the
Fall our Species did inher-
rit, cam'st, not as Spirit,
but as a Man, by blest and
gracious Birth upon this
Earth; I well perceive what
Veil did Thee disguise to
all the great and wise, thy
meritorious Shame and Mi-
series. Of thy dear Life
no Diary was kept: But
from thy Birth to twelve
Years old, when^e some-
what's told; from thence
quite to thy thirtieth Year,
(what should one say of
a plain Carpenter?) thy
whole anointed History has
slept, and, till our Talk
with Thee in Bliss of many
little Things perhaps Re-
membrance brings, now by
no means recoverable is.
So little car'd thy native
Land to have the Place
and Moment ascertain'd,
of (what for Beggars is
recorded fair,) this Male-
Child's breathing his first
Air; that when at last by
Odium he important grew,
and Men's Attention drew,
they call'd him *Nazareth-
born*, since they could trace
no truer his Birth-place:
And for his Parentage,
they have from Age to
Age with solemn Execra-
tions set him down, "A
" *Jewish* Girl's unlawful
" Son,

" Son, of whom one *Joseph* was, or did, and
 " shall for Father pass".
 Heathen Historians, Arbiters of Fame, mention, 'tis true, his Name; Th' ensuing Sect their short Remark did claim. Says one, *In Jewry then arose one* **CHREST**, So he the Surname guess'd. Another does for *Pontius Pilate's* Sake, (because what *Roman* Prætors do, must in large Letters stand to view) of this poor *Jew* some Notice take; Says he, " *When Pontius govern'd Palestine, One Christ has capitally punish'd been.*" Even 'mong those, who have his Cross confest, Inaccuracy is observ'd at least, (Contempt perhaps 'twas not) Absence, and Tardiness of Thought. Thus when above five hundred Years were spent in an Omision strange, if innocent, some poor Monk thought, 'twould with our Faith agree, to measure Time by *Anno Domini*, (The *Turks* were not so slow, on *Mahomet* such Honour to bestow;) and so at last an *Æra* he began, *Such or such Year from God's becoming Man*: But, as with *Jesu's* Mat-

ters 'tis the Fate, it seems, he fix'd the Date awkwardly four or five Years too late. An annual Solemnity in Memory of *Christ's* Nativity, long before this, indeed had Room in all the Calendars of *Christianity*; yet so devoid of Proof the Day mark'd out, (to which we ne'ertheless may well incline, and ritually acquiesce,) that some are still in Doubt, whether, consid'ring Circumstance and Clime, Winter, or Spring, or Summer was the Time? 'Tis well, my Lamb! to thy Humiliation, and saving of a dull and brute-like Generation, this also did pertain, it goes in the right Strain: Yet when I think again, that we now know Thee as our bleeding Lover, who dost thy Heart's Recess to us discover, and callest us thy Bride; it cannot be deny'd, but we of Course must feel some Inclination, to have of Day and Minute nicer Information; for then precisely as the Clock should strike, we'd keep a Love-feast for thee, such as thou wouldst like. We'll keep it as we can; It hurts not, God be prais'd, our Plan.
 Yet

Yet one Thing makes us
blush a little, that we can
of each other, each Sister,
and each Brother, (except-
ing our dear Head, who
holds the Rudder,) settle
the Birth-day to a Tittle,
and in such punctual Or-
der can express the Dictates
of our Love and Tender-
ness! But we may safely
judge, thou dost us not this
Pleasure grudge: Rather it
suits thy Husband's - My-
stery, and by Thee on the
Cross was covenanted, that
we should have, what thou
hadst wanted; and many
Things more neat and
smooth should be for thy
dear Wife, than thee; as
with a childlike Eye, amidst
her Cross's-Portion one can
spy.

115.

Germ. N^o 2293.

Tune: *The Sabbath is for Man,*
&c.

WHILST the dear
Babe is in the Womb,
No Damps it feels or bears,
Which so impregnate all
the Room, Where Nurse
its Vestments airs. Con-
strictions sore, which do

compel The Babe to leave
its Mother's Cell, At the
same Time do make it
breath The Steams that
round it wreath.

2 As yet 'tis not the
Air: but when The Babe
is wash'd and dress'd, Suck-
led, (as well you know)
and then A Quarter is ca-
ress'd In Mother's Arms,
comes a fine Day In Spring
when wholesome Breezes
play; Then goes the Child
from Chamber-Steam, In
th' Air and sunny Beams.

3 The Church's Family
has got This Likeness o'er
and o'er. The Child, that
Abba has begot, And th'
Holy Spirit bore, No soon-
er's kiss'd by Jesu's Bride,
With Mouth warm from
the bleeding Side; But it
begins to feel the Steams,
With which the Side-Hole
teems.

4 Long is perceiv'd this
tender Kiss, The Congre-
gation gave; The Infant
feels, where-e'er it is, The
Fumes of Jesu's Grave;
These make it then so inly
weep, So glad within the
Side to creep, The Side-
Hole warms the Breezes
mild, Which blow about
the Child.

5 Soon as the Bird has
got its Wings, It will no
longer

K

longer rest ; To view
Christ's Corpse, the Mo-
ther brings It flutt'ring
from the Nest : In th' Spi-
rit's Hand with Eagerness
It trembles for his Corpse'
Carefs, Stretch'd on the
Wood ; in th' Husband's
Arm The first Time thus
grows warm.

6 When, intervening
Stages try'd, It marriage-
able grows : 'Tis then the
Mother takes aside Jesu's
dear Heart and Spouse ;
Learns it from Side Hole-
Steams, to bear The free
and open Cross's Air : This
Air is fresh, but not too
bleak, Temper'd by Wound-
Hole's Reek.

7 As many now as are
receiv'd, (To be received
is, Ye Cross's-Air-Birds,
be't perceiv'd ! To have
the Church's Kifs,) Christ's
Soul so sanctify you all,
His Spirit make hard and
soft the Seal, His blood-
perspiring Body spare You
for the open Air.

116.

Germ. N^o 2188. ver. 10.

Tune : *To God on high, &c.*

WHO dares the Fa-
ther-God to scan,

Or pry into his Godhead,
Before the crucified Man
His Heart has thro'-be-
blooded ; Lord Jesus Christ !
tho' he should be Of the
most weak Capacity, Yet
he'd become an Atheist.

2 Hence all who uncon-
verted are, Have been for-
bid with Rigour, T'believe
more than one God, and
dare Of this God form no
Figure, Until thou first hast
understood, That this God
put on Flesh and Blood ;
Then Creature-like revere
Him.

3 Th' Old Testament
does well declare, That us
a Husband formed, † By
whom we predetermin'd are
In his Arms to be warm-
ed : The new requires the
Spirit's Light ; And no
Heart lives or thinks * a-
right, Until known by this
Husband.

† Isa. liv. 5. * Matt. xi. 27.

4 But when thro' this
God's painful Death, A
Heart new Life obtaineth ;
Then it a perfect Freedom
hath, And nothing it re-
straineth, To hear, what
this our dearest God, The
Man with five Wound-
Holes so red, To let him
hear is pleased.

5 He hears, a *Father*
doth exist Of every Thing's
Creator ;

Creator; And that the Man
call'd Jesus Christ Went in
the Spirit's Power, Who's
Mother of all Things that
live, And did in *Mary's*
Womb conceive His Child
the Man Christ Jesus.

6 From that blest Mo-
ment he does own: I be-
lieve a Troop revered, Of
Wives, who're wedded to
the Son Of th' Father and
the Spirit; I b'lieve, there
will a Time exist, When my
Creator Jesus Christ Will
wed me Soul and Body.

7 Therefore sings the
Assembly blest Of Virgins
undefiled, Who've been,
for sev'nteen Ages past,
For Jesu's Marriage sealed:
Thou Holy blessed Trini-
ty! For our dear Lamb all
Praise to Thee; And Glo-
ry to the Side-Hole!

8 When this God with
five Wound-Holes red, Had
call'd his own together;
His Farewell was, *I go to*
God, Who's mine and your
dear Father. Therefore calls
out the Witness-cloud, *Wel-*
come among thy Flock, O
God! God! Abba of the
Churches.

117.

Germ. N^o 1912.

Tune: *How is my Heart with,*
&c.

WITH all my Heart
a Song I'd raise,
In my dear wounded Hus-
band's Praise, Of all his
Nail-Prints precious In both
his Hands and Feet and
Side; The Glory of his
Sinner-Bride, And all the
Eleet of Jesus. O! I feel
Joy! Yet, my Lover, Weep
I over Thy dear Body,
For my Sake so bruised and
bloody.

2 Ye Wounds which
Nails and Scourges tear,
Unspeakably rever'd and
dear, How shall I give you
Blessing? While I a poor
and worthless Dove, Sit in
the Jav'lin's Purple Groove,
Your happy Fruits posses-
sing. Dear Man! Take
then, For thy Sufferings,
Love-Tear-Off rings Giv'n
sincerely By thy Rib, who
loves thee dearly.

3 I know how very poor
I am; That I could hide
my Face for Shame, And
deep Humiliation. But ah!
where can I better hide,
Than in my Bridegroom's

K 2

bl.ed-

bleeding Side? For that's my Inclination. By Love I'm drove To my Lamb-lein; Marriage - Flamelein Feels my Spirit To his Side which I inherit.

4 That which was once to *Thomas* done, I have seen too, not he alone: H'has lock'd me up securely, And deep in the Side's open Shrine, Where *Thomas* but the Hand put in; Blood overflows me surely. Well's me! I'll be Now and ever In this River, Incessantly, Daily, hourly and momentarily.

118.

Tune: *The Saviour's Blood and, &c.*

WITHIN our Husband's pierced Side, Where all his little Hearts abide, And where we're sure we have a Seat; There we do now each other greet.

2 He us hath chose, and made his own, His Members, his true Flesh and Bone, Who then were form'd from his Side dear, When it was open'd by the Spear.

3 To Thee, O Side!

we chearful sing, Thy Praise from us shall ever ring: Thou art our safe Retreat and Home, In this World, and in that to come.

4 We also can our Spouse embrace Most properly in this dear Place, And feel his Nearness with Delight Incessantly by Day and Night.

119.

From the German.

Tune: *How is my Heart, &c.*

WITH Wounds my Heart does overflow, What I shall tell Men I don't know, That they quite deep may enter Into each Wound, both small and great, Which in the suffering Lamb did meet; My Heart has here its Center. This me Daily Low doth render, Soft and tender, My Heart weepeth, When it in the Wound-holes creepeth.

2 Ye Wounds! which I so much have prov'd, By me be infinitely lov'd, On you I'm me revolving. Ye Nail-prints, and ye Scratches dear, You are alone for my Heart

Heart there; My Heart's
in Tears dissolving. My
God! Thy Blood, Pain and
Dying, Is the Joying Of
my Soul here, And it fits
in the Side's Hole dear.

3 How happy feel I, in-
ly well In my dear Lamb's
sweet Side-hole's Cell, I
weep with Consolation: If
I'd but hint at all the
Grace, Which my dear
Lamb dispensed has To his
blest Congregation, Truly
Must I Only ponder, Lost
in Wonder, That he's able
So to help the Miserable.

I 20.

Hymn of the Angels.

Germ. N^o. 1225.

YE blessed Armies! Or-
dam'd for Servants
there, Where all is fiery,
And flaming every where,
Since the two Firmaments
are standing, E'er since the
Wheels of the Times are
running.

2 Welcome, dear Bre-
thren, Among our *Chil-*
dren's Crowd, Who're also
Members Of Jesu's Wit-
ness-Cloud; The God of
Light is their kind Father,
Whom all your Faces are
seeing ever.

3 Th' *unmarried Ser-*
vants Of ev'ry Creature's
God, The warlike People,
And Conqu'rors thro' the
Blood; *Jacob's* dear Har-
bingers remember, Whom
on the Ladder he saw in
slumber.

4 The Choirs of *Virgins*
Remember with Content
That blessed Message Which
was to *Mary* sent; For
which one of you was ap-
pointed, Who did declare
the Birth of th' Anointed.

5 Unto *Manoah* And his
Wife did appear, Quite
unexpected Such a bright
Morning-Star, And lo!
thereon they both enjoy-
ed A Marriage Joy quite
sanctified.

6 All who are wandring
Alone in Pilgrimage, Are
all in safety By your kind
Guardianship; By Faith we
Mountains still discover,
With fiery Chariots and
Steeds all over.

7 When met together A
little hearty *Band* In blessed
Union, You always were
at hand, Ye Servants of the
Bridegroom fairest, And of
his *Magd'ens* and holy
Maries.

8 Yet have the *Churches*
The Preference still here;
It goes yet farther, When
they somewhere appear:

To Shepherds in the Field
combined, Your Hosts in
glorious Song were join-
ed.

9 God's mighty Heroes!
To you it is the same, In
faithful Sayings A Message
to proclaim, Or with one
Hand to slay a Number
Of hundred eighty thou-
sand in Slumber.

10 Then you before him
Your Lord fall on the Face,
Ye holy Brethren! With
such an Inliness, And with
such deep Humiliation, As
is beyond our Determina-
tion.

11 Now honour'd *Watch-
ers!* Accept here from the
Hand Of our united And
happy Warriours-band, A
Greeting, since nought else
we're able, Till once our
Voices shall fill the Tem-
ple.

121.

From the German.

1 I w a faithful Heart,
A Heart most dear be-
loved. If Lamb is only
named, Instant my Heart's
inflamed: Ah Lamblein!
Thy Flamelein Straight
firs up a Love's Smart. I

see the bleeding Feet, I see
them to me stretching, To
lick them straight I'm reach-
ing: O! my Enjoyment
great, O! ye thro'-bored
Feet, How tastes the Blood-
Stream sweet! Thou Side-
Hole, the dear Token;
Whereby I God my Bro-
ther know; And you dear
Eyes so broken, Which to
the Dust me bow; Thou
Hand beloved too, Which
the Nail pierced thro';
Ah! what a bloody Bless-
ing You are on me impres-
sing! Your red Gore quick-
ens me, And makes Wounds-
Jubilee.

122.

Tune: *Here is thy dear People.*

SINCE the lovely Fea-
tures of the Saviour's
Bride, Prove them happy
Creatures Taken from his
Side; Let his Incarnation
To our Mien impart Such
a Demonstration Of an
happy Heart.

2 Let that dear Incision
(Husband!) of thy Side,
Which Thou by Prevision
Didst for us provide; 'Midst
the many Blessings Of our
Heart's Belief, Yea, 'midst
all

all Caressings, Ever be the Chief.

3 Loveliest Perforation,
Center of our Joy, Thou
giv'st Recreation, Which
does never cloy; All thy
sweet Recesses Do from
Day to Day Bliss, that no
one guesse, To our Hearts
convey.

4 Here shall be our
Dwelling, In the Side's dear
Hole; And we will be tell-
ing To each troubled Soul,
That its poor Condition
Never can impede, That
the Side's Fruition Swal-
low up its Need.

I 23.

Germ. N^o 1694.

Tune: *Jesu our glorious Head and
Chief.*

THANKS to the
Man of Sorrows be,
To Jesus, who has set us
free From ev'ry Curse, and
Sin's deep Need, When he
upon the Cross did bleed.
Should Jesus not have prov'd
that Saviour true, We still
had been the Devil's hap-
less Crew.

2 Sin's Yoke would still
have gall'd us quite, *Ana-*
thema would on us light;

Therefore we praise the
bloody Hue, 'Tis to our
Hearts for ever new, Th'
accursed Figure of God's
only Lamb, As hanging on
th' accursed Cross's Stem.

3 Him we now thank
thro' all our Choirs, For
his Flesh, roast by Cross's
Fires, On which the Pen-
ance he endur'd, Which
our Transgressions had pro-
cur'd: Hencé on that Head
with thorny Garland grac'd,
To us so venerable, Faith
is plac'd;

4 Upon his blessed Hands
and Feet, In which, when
he his End did meet, When
he th' Atonement-Day did
keep, Us he engrav'd so
deep, so deep; On his
blest Side, by Soldier's
Spear pierc'd thro', Our
Place of Rest in and after
all Woe.

5 Whene'er a Heart feels
cold and poor, Then does
this Blood come rolling o'er,
Forcing its Way thro' ev'ry
Mound, Till it the Heart's
Recess has found; And we,
with all our piteous Sinful-
ness, Are cover'd with his
Robe of Righteousness.

6 'Stead of the former
Curse, we meet The Sa-
vour of his Blood so sweet;
We then feel how the Side's
dear

dear Hole, Over our Body,
Spirit, Soul, Does from a-
bove the Pow'rs of Life
diffuse, And all the Sweet-
ness of his Wound-Holes
Juice.

7 Then should we any
Heart discern Full of Sal-
vation's deep Concern, What
should we think to tell
him of, But Jesu's Blood,
Death's-Pain, and Love ?
This does our Text in his
Blood-Church abide, And
when 'midst savage Hea-
thens we reside.

8 O ! was there not the
Lamb's Blood shed, Life
would a Burden be indeed,
The Earth too narrow ;
we should find, In Heav'n
itself, an anxious Mind :
But O ! we have it, and
there is no Heart, Tho'
Brass or Steel, Proof 'gainst
its gentle Smart.

9 Thou Church of God !
thy Cov'nant's found Estab-
lish'd on this Rock and
Ground ; The bloody Grace
is that alone, Which so ce-
ments us all in one : We
thro' so many Regions scat-
ter'd are For this Thing's
Sake, and for it now live
here.

10 We here together, as
his Bride, Kifs the Lamb's
pierced bloody Side, His

Hands, Feet, Head and
Mouth so dear, And to
him Cov'nant-Fealty swear ;
Our Missionaries go to ev'ry
Stage, Clothed in this their
Strength, on Pilgrimage.

11 Up, Brethren ! we'll
to all the Earth Be car-
rying Jesu's Suff'rings forth ;
To Death we'll love our
Lamb once slain, He doth
our Lord and God remain.
Lord Jesus ! be thou prais'd
eternally, If there no Je-
sus was, what should we
be ?

I 24.

*Tune : Lovely Side-hole, take in
me.*

L OVELY Side-hole !
Thanks to Thee, That
Thou wilt our Chamber
be ! Lo ! human Hearts
can go and rest So deep
in their Creator's Breast.
D. C. All the Thoughts,
and all the Sighs Of the
serious and the wise, An-
swer'd are transcendently
In thy precious Cavity.

2 Lovely Side-hole ! thy
own Reign Well is felt a-
mongst thy Train. How
Corpse's Steams perfume
all round, And Cross's Joy
within

within is found! *D. C.* Sure it is, the slaughter'd Man Has t'impart himself began: Bridegroom, from the Sight retir'd! Thou hast Heart and Senses fir'd.

3 Cov'nant Side-hole! O how deep Are we in thy Fellowship. Our Union's Root can't be survey'd, In Blood quite fathomless 'tis laid. *D. C.* As Disciples to be nigh, Does our Heart not satisfy: But we think, we're thy own Bone, Twigs out of thy Torments grown.

4 Tender Side-hole! have thy Joy O'er thy first-born Family. 'Fore them thou'st sparkled most benign Ten thousand Times, to make them Thine. *D. C.* They are Sinners vile and base, Level with the common Mass: Now they'd fain Thee so delight, That Thou canst them eat up quite.

5 My own Side-hole! think of me, I have my Abode in Thee. Nor my Redemption from the Earth Is dubious, nor my Side-hole-Birth. *D. C.* Yet I still of Thee implore, O bedew me more and more!

And let many a one without, Soon be gather'd to thy Grott. [That I as a Servant blest, Help to gather in the rest.]

125.

Germ. N^o 2157. ver. 10.

Tune: *Sanctify thy Congregation.*

NOW therefore bless thee thy Creator, Our great Potter form thy Nature To that Religion of his own, Thou art his Clay alone: To form cannot the weak Vessel, no, Th' Maker forms it too. Like all good Spirits, we deliver Heart, Soul and Members up to the Saviour, That he his Creatures with Joy may see. But then how this can be, He knows; we little know. Thousandfold belov'd you! Father, and Mother, and Husband dear! Have Praise from your Plan here. Shall it be well? pour Blood: Shall ought be done? then do't.

I 26.

Tune: *Bloody Reconciler.*

WE'RE thy Cross's
Trophies, Lamb!
whose glorious Office Was
for us to bleed: We're
thy Spoil deserved, Thine
Elect preserved In thy Side
our Bed. There we wish,
(Flesh of thy Flesh) To
continue wholly, ever, In
our Spouse and Saviour.

Single Verses out of different German Hymns.

AND if th' whole
Race of Men below
To Jesus would surrender,
Them could the Hand so
pierced thro', On th' Fa-
ther's Altar tender.

And since the Hearts
are so rejoic'd, It goes in
Allegro; to the Honour of
their Husband Christ, the
Hearts are joyful so. We
feel, and hear, and see
it soon, That something
on those Hearts is done;
Up, up! ye Hearts who
feel it so, Your Joy let free-
ly flow.

And this Church ever
since has stood, Jehovah's
Father is her God, Sh' has
kept her Husband's Righ-
teousness, Which was her
first and only Dress.

And were the World all
precious Stones and Gold,
And thousand times more
large, it could not hold
His Glory, nay it could
proportionably For him not
ev'n a narrow Cradle be.

As we've been told By
Forefathers old, That God
his Folk still defends Thro'
Mercy which ne'er ends:
Ev'n so it we In like Cases
see In his holy City here:
In Fact 'tis very clear.

Believing, is that Precept
good, Which was giv'n us
by our Lord God, Thro'
Paul his Servant's Teach-
ing, who In the third Hea-
ven was, we know.

Be not cast down, your
Helper you have before the
Gate; He, who your Heart's
Distemper Relieveth, here
does wait. No 54. 6.

Both near at Hand, as
well as far off, we How
thy rich Blessing spreads
o'er all, can see,

Close

Cloſe with Joy together,
O each Croſs's Row! Fit-
ted be in Order, Till one
Wood we grow. 2090. 4.

Come here, all ye
wretched! Come here, ye
Diſtreſt! To his Hands
outſtretched Yield you, and
be bleſt.

Do not theſe Things,
my Soul! which are ſo
great, Deepeſt Aſtoniſh-
ment in thee create?

Draw us to Thee, then
will we flee, (The Heart
doth ſo deſire Thee) In
that ſweet Smell, which did
expel All Curſe from us
entirely.

Ev'n when we're baffled
ſeemingly, This oft muſt
to a Land The Riſe of its
Deliv'rance be, Thro' his
own Wonder-Hand. 1932.
7.

Fair one! a Place within
my Heart I have to Thee
aſſign'd, Becauſe that Thou
with thy own Smart Haſt
heal'd my Pain of Mind.

For our dear and gra-
cious Head, Jeſus Chriſt
our Brother, When we ſing
of him, we ſhed Tears of
Joy together. 1905. 2.

For when our Seers, as
it ſhould ſeem Did nought

to Purpoſe do, Then in
Light's Sphere is wrought
by them A Work compleat
and true. 1943. 7.

From God I have a Shine
of Joy, When he with his
dear gracious Eye Gives
me a friendly Look. 659. 4.

God give unto us all his
gracious Bleſſing, That on
his Path we forward preſſ-
ing In Love and Faith,
whereto the Wounds ce-
ment us, May of Blood-
Cov'nant ne'er repent us!
Kyrie eleiſ. 1692. 5.

God keeps his Word moſt
glad, and ſtands thereto,
And what he ſpeaks, proves
ever right and true.

Grant this our dear Lord
Jeſus Chriſt, Who us hath
by his Death releas'd From
our own Self-Life's Miſe-
ry: To him be Praise eter-
nally.

He ever on me keeps his
Eyes, And does what's beſt
for me deviſe.

Hence we are chearful
ſtill and bold, Howe'er by
Burdenſ preſs'd: Lord,
that ſure for us keep and
hold, What Thou us pro-
miſ'd haſt.

He's our ſole Strength,
for every Branch which
grows

grows On him the Vine,
no Juice but from him
knows.

How glad I'm of my
Prince's Days, When all
that's male and mannish,
(Which but a Load to th'
Brethren was) By th' Blood
shall melt and vanish; And
when the Church's Body
all, Who're Queens and
Virgins sealed, Shall with
the Lamb in th' Wedding-
hall Be as his Wife reveal-
ed. 1944. 1.

I'd rather choose it, That
all compleated were: But
when one views it, Some
heavy Things appear: Yet
in confid'ring, They're
Members blessed, And
Grace's Children, I'm then
refreshed. 1254.

I'm good for little, or
for nought indeed, Yet
would he me not there-
fore set aside. 98. 14.

In Grace both to beget
and bear, And suckle Chil-
dren too, This shall, O
Cross's People! be A Pro-
perty to you. 1063. 4.

In th' Bundle of the
little Fools I gladly do re-
main, And for their faith-
ful little Lord Eternal Love
retain.

In the Lord's Joy then
go your Way, Make nought
but blessed Work alway:
Be we t'each other near
or far, The Godhead's Fa-
mily is near. 1258. 6.

In this Need, Lord!
Thy Help afford, That
those be too converted,
Who nought respect, Thy
Word reject, And others
have perverted.

I see in Sp'rit already,
how the Troop, Which to
those Tents belongs, as-
cendeth up. 971. 3.

Is not that Rock-hole the
Cathedral Seat, Where the
Church universal shall re-
treat? 2155.

I've by my Husband been
(ev'n him Who did Sal-
vation bring, And who for
me in Blood did swim) Be-
lov'd once; that's the thing.
1032. 2.

Let our poor helpless
Souls ne'er fall Out of thy
Arm's Embraces; Early and
late do nought at all, But
shew thy tender Mercies.

Let us, instead of break-
ing Wall and Door, Find
nought but Fields bedew'd
with Blood all o'er.

Let

Let us, whene'er the Rosy
Kind Lies among Thorn
and Briar, (As Jesus once
himself demean'd) Suffer
with Heart's Desire.

Lord Christ, be inly
praised For all that Love
and Grace, Thou hast
throughout expressed To
me in my Life's Race.

Lord Jesus, who art King
and Head Of the Theocra-
cies, When some great Joy
has happened, Then grant'st
Thou Amnesties. 1778. 6.

May Christ our Leader
be and Guide, Still on the
Path with us abide, The
Fiend's Device from us a-
vert, And whatsoe'er's a-
gainst his Heart.

No Man was Lord of th'
Church allow'd, Nor ever
shou'd, But the Theocracy
was rather Reserv'd to him,
who's the Elder's Father.
2157. 4.

No smallest Doubt my
Heart can fright, But we
shall walk by his Wounds
Light, And be an Honour
to our Elder dear, Who
otherwise that Office would
not bear.

Now, Lamb! I cost Thee
Joy and Smart: There hast
Thou me, Thou dearest

Heart! Or to thy Joy, or to
thy Pain: Yet rather I'd
thy Joy remain. 193. 5.

Now let him farther do
his Mind, Object you nought
thereto; So shall you rest
in Peace and find You're
blessed here below. 224.
18.

Now the Cross-Air-Bird
keeps his Seat, And now
again he shakes his Wings:
The Lord, when he stands
still or moves, Th' eternal
Hill's Wish forward brings.

Now there Thou fittest
on that Throne of thine,
And thy dear Wounds send
forth an endless Shine: And
thy Eye still friendly, The
Congregations Sees in their
mark'd out Bounds and Ha-
bitations Subsist and thrive.
1922. 9.

O for such Grace but
once each Year! If but on
Thomas-Day it were, I'd
on my Bed lie quiet, And
nought beside or mind or
see, But for that Moment
ready be; And then a whole
Year by it Believe, And
thrive. Can't you give it?
Nail-prints livid! Just two
Glimpses On you, on the
Side two Kisses. 1924. 5.

(On Dec. 21.)

Oft we go thro' Ice and Snow,
Many an Hour for one Soul's Sake,
Her to gain for the Lamb slain,
That his Cov'nant she partake.

O God! how highly honour'd
And happy is that Man,
Who into thy Church taken,
Shall always there remain.

O God our Lord! the God thy *Word*
Did long time dark remain,
Till thy own *John*, the last dear Man,
Did write it down quite plain.

O how use I oft with Crying,
After this Food to be fighting!
O how use I to be thirsting
For the Drink from Life's Prince bursting!
88. 2.

O Lamb of God! from Blemish free,
Yet on the Cross once kill'd;
Found always patient, meek, and low,
Tho' scorn'd, mock'd, and revil'd.

O let thy Angels also dwell,
And not depart from me,
The Rage of Satan to repel,
That that old Enemy May not have Pow'r,
while in this Vale Of Misery I live,
On me to ex-

ercise his Spight, Or Soul and Body grieve.

O Lord! thro' thy own Cross's Pow'r
Thou to the Faith hast gather'd o'er
A Flock from ev'ry Tongue and Place:
That, Lord, be sung unto thy Praise.

O Thou our Head! who this believes,
That Thou thy Members never leav'st,
He's not afraid, nothing does him confound,
And in all Trials he maintains his Ground.

Our Heart does assure us,
That th' Eternal Good Never is so glorious,
As when in his Blood. 1426. 24.

Set us 'fore all thy People here,
Lord! as a Cloud which shines most clear,
And as a Bow of Grace,
thy Love And Favour to the World to prove.

Should ev'n an Angel down from Heaven fly,
And all the Force of Eloquence apply,
From the Cross to lead us To something further;
We'd not dispute with him in Form and Order,
But we'd him curse.

Since then are Heart and Mouth besmear'd,
The Ear's by

by Blood disposed; When
but a Hint is giv'n and
heard, The Heart with it
has closed. 1943. 4.

Somewhat, which holy
Trembling brought, With
sacramental Myst'ryfraught,
A Flame directly from on
high, A Proof that God
was deeply nigh;

I scarce could hope the
like, or claim: I was in-
deed half in a Dream, I
only felt, and when I yet
Reflect thereon, my Eyes
grow wet. 2123. 3, 4.

So the Fiend can nought
obtain, And his Kingdom
gets no Gain, When it open-
ly's made known, As in th'
Bible 'tis wrote down.

That House shall ever,
With those who dwell in
it, His Praises further On
Earth; there Grace shall
sit, Truth, Peace, And child-
like Singleness.

That is the proper Gain
For us, who his remain,
That we can always keep
Our Eye on Side-hole deep,
And of the Hands pierc'd
thro' The Prospect ne'er let
go. 1929. 3.

That only I by Word
or Deed May nothing for

Thee spoil! For all the
rest Thou, Lord, hast Means,
A good Day in a while.
1932. 5.

That our Mind the Lamb's
resemble, And his Corpse
our Body's Temple. 2255.

That we may learn to
know him right, O grant,
And after him th' eternal
Maker pant.

The Church's Bound'ry
with its Lines, Which from
Blood - Cov'nant sweetly
shines, To our dear God
alone is known. 1900. 2.

The Corpse of Jesus Is
our chief Object Day and
Night, As in the Air-pump
faints outright A Bird,
when all the Air is gone; So
were't with us, if our Load-
stone, The Hands, Feet,
Side's *Affatus* Did no more
recreate us. 2277. 4.

The Father them protects
as God, The Son does wash
them in his Blood, The
Holy Ghost them up does
train, The Angels round
them still remain.

The House's Sire and
Head Is in the Heart por-
tray'd; Has th' Eye both
wet and red In Dust be-
fore him laid. 2258. 59.

The Joy I felt I can't
express, When I that ancient
Flock of Grace So happy
and so blessed view'd,
And as a new-born Child
renew'd.

The Lamb's Wounds
purple Glances, Who Health
dispenses, Our Wedges are
and Lances In the World's
Heart. 1960. 4.

Thou fain wouldst have
me cleaner In Heart and in
Demeanor, This I perceive
and own : I thank thee for
thy waiting, For nursing,
educating, And am with
Shame quite bowed down.
1233. 5.

Though the Church, and
her each Member, Sing
forth their Church-Hymns,
however, Still rather in that
safe humble Tone, *Kyrie
eleison !* Than in the Tone,
Victoria, Gloria, &c. Yet
since it now can't be con-
troverted, Our Lamb a Sig-
nature has imparted To the
Cross-Church of the Bre-
thren old, To be for him
a Fold, Souls to direct, build
up, More than one Sinner-
Troop ; Therefore one also
must *Ave* sing, (For does
the Lamb some Thing ? We
due Attention pay) Yea,
Ave Gratia, &c. 2171. 1.

Thy Blood, that noble
Juice, Doth such a Strength
diffuse, That one Drop, tho'
so small, Can make clean
the World all, Yea can from
Satan's Jaws Its perfect
Freedom cause.

An old Lutheran Verse.

To be enamour'd I know
well, To have the Heart
quite overflowing, For him
alone to be so glowing :
Expressions only me here
fail.

To me and my Compa-
nions, Whom Thou as thy
own Minions, Hast in one
List wrote down, Give such
a Love's Impression T'wards
all Men, that thy Fashion,
Thou Love Trine ! there-
in be shewn.

To the Service of my
King, On this Earth o'er-
flow'd with Grace, ('Midst
that Race, Who for Life
and Glory are fitted here,
To whom Christ's Affairs
are weighty) Cheerful I be-
come and ready, In this
Time of Grace so clear.

We build on that Founda-
tion sure, Ev'n Jesus and
his Blood : This causes, that
we evermore Find an un-
shaken Good.

We

We thank God for all
Gifts from him By us re-
ceiv'd from Time to Time:
We likewise our dear Lord
implore, He would hence-
forth appoint us more.

What are we? Little
Hearts; In Jesu's Blood so
pure, Worms swimming on
secure, Enamour'd with his
four Nail-prints fair, Yea,
Dusts in Cross's Air, Doves,
who for Love still pine Af-
ter his Side's dear Shrine.
2206.

What does a Grace-Child
feeble, Whether it laugh or
weep? It lies still in its
Cradle, And does in thy
Wounds peep, It thinks,
how cheereft Thou alone
Those who were quite for-
faken! And shuts his Eyes
thereon. 2155. xxxv.

What does an Infant?
It comes, it knows not
how: There lies the Man-
tle, The Cradle's ready too,
Here wait all Helps for
Soul and Body. Were we
Babes, 'twould go well with-
out Study. 1254.

Whate'er can be invent-
ed, Be't e'er so small or
great, Nothing of all shall
move us From Jesu's Heart
our Seat.

What we always sought
for, but yet found never,
That we at last did in the
Wounds discover Of God's
dear Lamb. 2252. 1.

When my Eyes o'erflow,
Comes thy Tears Flood too,
My Tears Seed along con-
ducting, And unto thy
Wounds directing; That
my Tears must now Quick-
ly cease to flow.

Where shall I turn, or
how Thee leave? Jesu! to
Thee my Mind does cleave;
With Thee my Heart has
always found True Coun-
sel, Comfort, Help abound:

Who is he, who as an
Off'ring His own Life will
freely give, To redeem
his Bride from Suffering?
Where did such a Pair e'er
live?

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